



# GHOST OF THE DESERT

## PRONGHORN ANTELOPE



THE PRONGHORN ANTELOPE SPENDS HIS ENTIRE LIFE IN OPEN, TREELESS COUNTRY. IN SPITE OF THIS, HE IS ONE OF THE HARDEST ANIMALS TO HUNT. NATURE, BY GIVING HIM A FORTY MILE AN HOUR SPEED WHEN RUNNING, SEEMS TO BE COMPENSATING FOR THE EXPOSED WAY IN WHICH HE LIVES. THE EXTRAORDINARY EYESIGHT OF THE ANTELOPE MAY ALSO BE EXPLAINED AS A COMPENSATION. ONE OF THE HERD, ACTING AS GUARD WHEN THE FLOCK IS GRAZING, IS CONSTANTLY ALERT AND CAN SEE MAN OR COYOTE MILES AWAY. ONCE DANGER IS SIGHTED, THE WHITE HAIRS ON THE ANIMAL'S RUMP SUDDENLY STAND ON END AND HIS MUSK GLANDS GIVE OFF A POWERFUL ODOR WHICH INSTANTLY SETS THE WHOLE FLOCK RACING AWAY.

YEARS AGO, HUNTERS TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE PRONGHORN'S STRANGE CURIOSITY INSTINCT. A FLUTTERING RAG ON A STICK WAS ENOUGH TO BRING HIM WITHIN RIFLE RANGE! BUT TODAY, ANTELOPE SEEM TO HAVE LEARNED THE TRICKS AND THE BEST WAY TO MAKE A KILL IS A LONG, CAREFUL STALKING AND A VERY LONG SHOT WITH A HIGH-CALIBRE RIFLE AND A TELESCOPIC SIGHT.



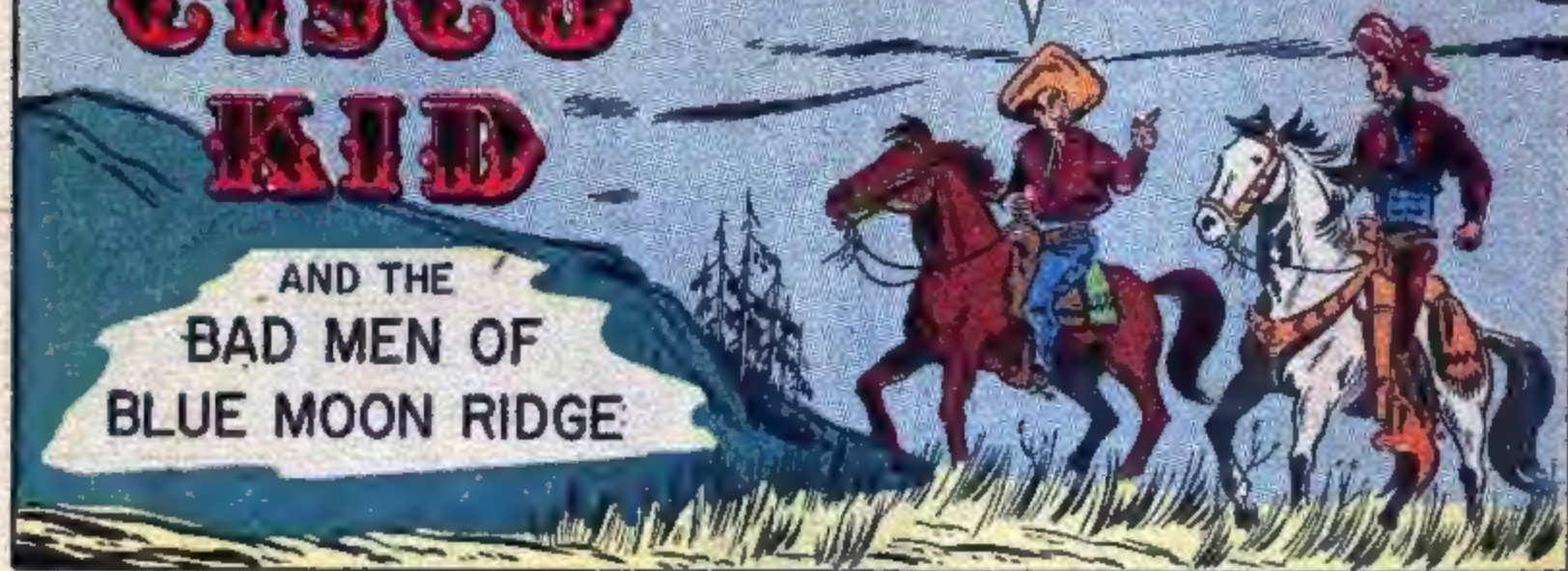


# THE CISCO KID

## AND THE BAD MEN OF BLUE MOON RIDGE

WHAT YOU KNOW, CISCO!  
THE SUN IS INSIDE THE CLOUDS---  
AND PANCHO HAVE NOT ANY  
WATCH---BUT HE CAN TELL  
THE TIME IT IS!

VERY WELL!  
WHAT TIME  
IS IT?



TIME TO EAT!  
HO! HO! PANCHO  
MAKES THE JOKE!

YOUR APPETITE IS  
NO JOKE! ASK LOGO!  
HE IS GROWING  
SWAY-BACKED FROM  
CARRYING YOU AROUND!



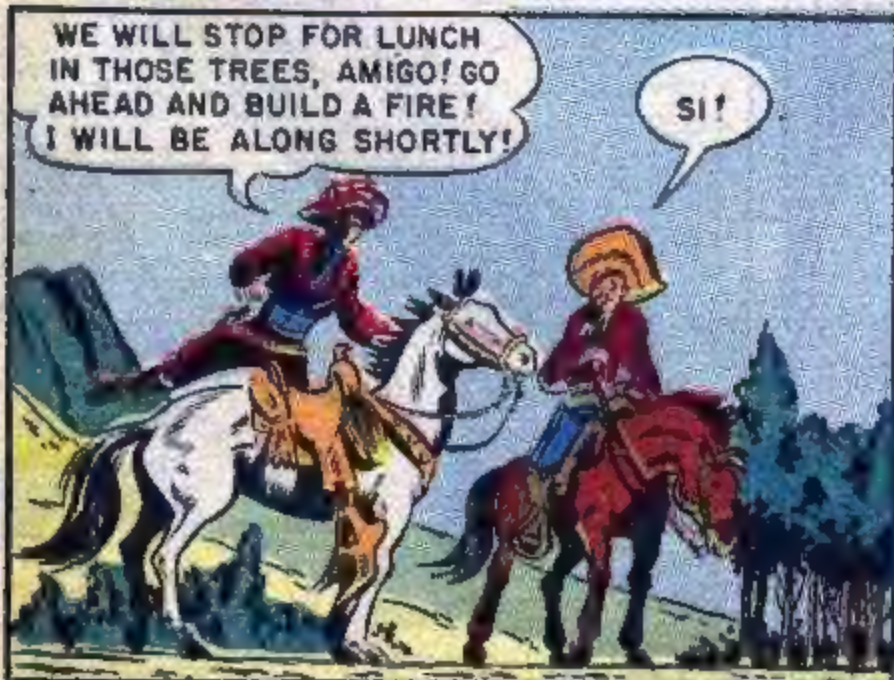
AHA! THE KETTLE HE  
CALLS THE POT BLACK!  
LOOK AT DIABLO! HE  
IS HAVING TROUBLE---

BUT NOT WITH ME!  
HE HAS PICKED UP  
A STONE!



WE WILL STOP FOR LUNCH  
IN THOSE TREES, AMIGO! GO  
AHEAD AND BUILD A FIRE!  
I WILL BE ALONG SHORTLY!

SI!



EASY, BOY!  
I WILL HAVE IT  
OUT PRONTO!





AS CISCO STRAIGHTENS...



WAIT THERE, DIABLO,  
UNTIL I SEE  
WHAT IS GOING ON!



BUT, SEÑOR,  
PÁNCHO ONLY COME  
HERE TO---

SHUT UP!  
I'M THINKIN'!



MADRE MIA! THAT IS  
A VERY SMALL VOICE  
FOR A BANDIT!



SANTO! IT IS  
ONLY A BOY!



AS CISCO STEALS FORWARD...

















LIKE TOOK TO RUNNIN' WITH A  
WILD BUNCH! AN' STAYIN' OUT TILL  
ALL HOURS! I HAD A GOOD IDEA  
WHAT WAS UP — — —



"I HAD A WILD NOTION I MIGHT BE  
ABLE TO STOP 'EM... SO I TRAILED 'EM

"ONE NIGHT, I FOUND OUT FOR SURE."

OKAY, LET'S GO! AN'  
REMEMBER --- IF ANYBODY  
GETS IN OUR WAY, DOWN 'EM!



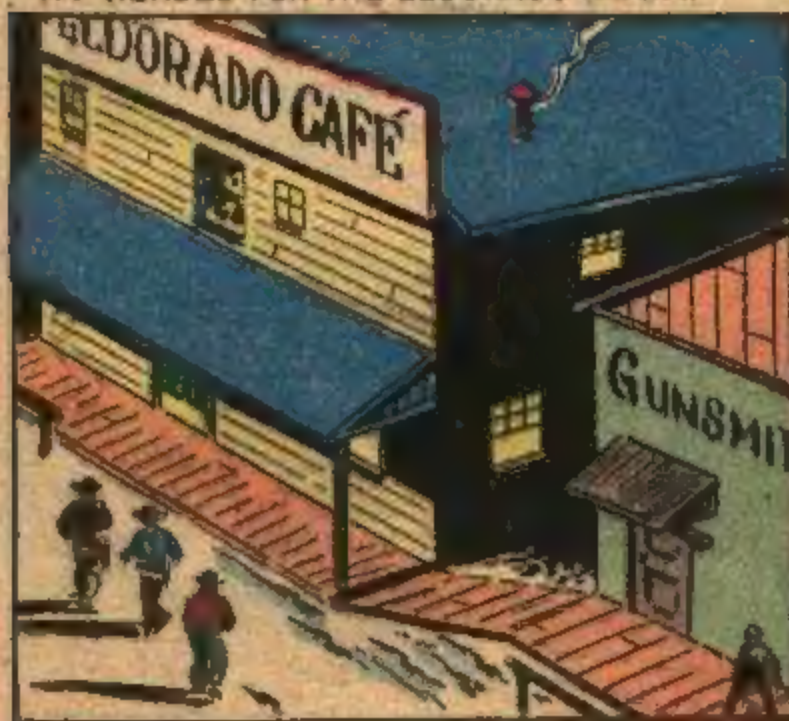
"THEY HID THEIR HORSES IN AN ALLEY."

I SURE HOPE THE  
MOON STAYS BACK O'  
THOSE CLOUDS FOR  
ANOTHER TEN MINUTES!

SAME HERE!



"AN' HEADED FOR THE ELDORADO CAFÉ..."



"THEY WERE PULLIN' UP THEIR WIPES FOR  
MASKS WHEN THE MOON POPPED OUT."





"BEFORE I COULD DUCK, IKE TURNED AN' SPOTTED ME."

WHAT IN BLAZES?  
THE KID!



"I LIT OUT PRONTO, BUT IT WASN'T ANY USE."

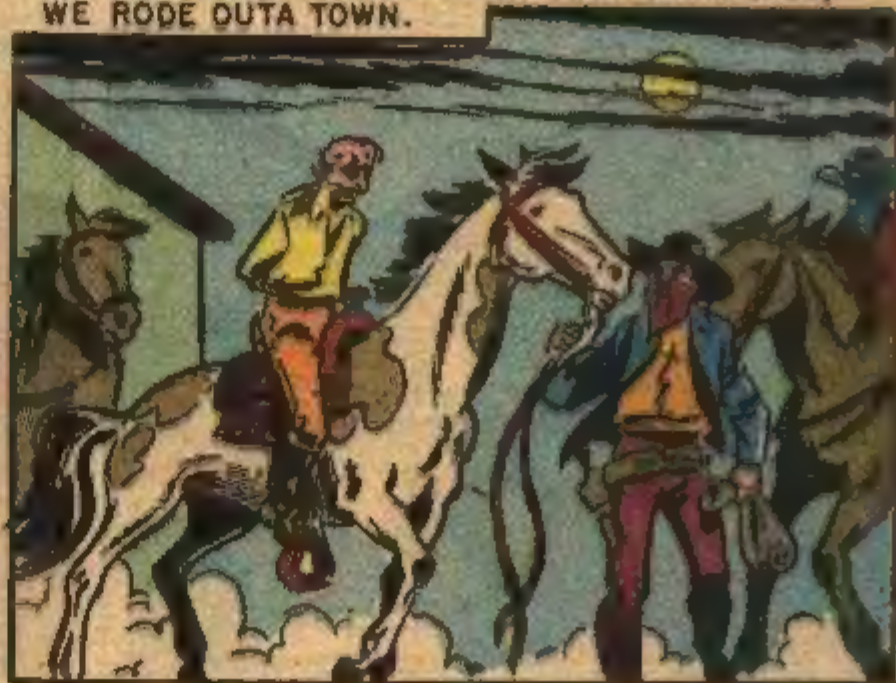
YOU BLASTED LITTLE  
SNEAK! I'LL TEACH YOU  
TO SPY ON ME!



"HE GAVE ME THE WHIPPIN' OF MY LIFE."



"THEY LEFT ME FOR A WHILE, GAGGED AN' TIED ONTO A HORSE---- AN' WHEN THEY CAME BACK, WE RODE OUTA TOWN."



"IKE AN' LIZZ WERE RIDIN' AHEAD, I RODE DOUBLE-UP WITH SLATS..."

HEY, IKE! THE KID KEEPS  
SLIPPIN' OFF! WANT ME TO UNTIE  
HIM, SO HE CAN HOLD ON?

YEAH! BUT KEEP A CLOSE  
WATCH ON HIM! CAN'T TAKE CHANCES ON  
HIS MAKIN' A BREAK FOR IT!





"THEY HOLED UP IN A MOUNTAIN SHACK FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS. THEN ONE MORNIN'..."



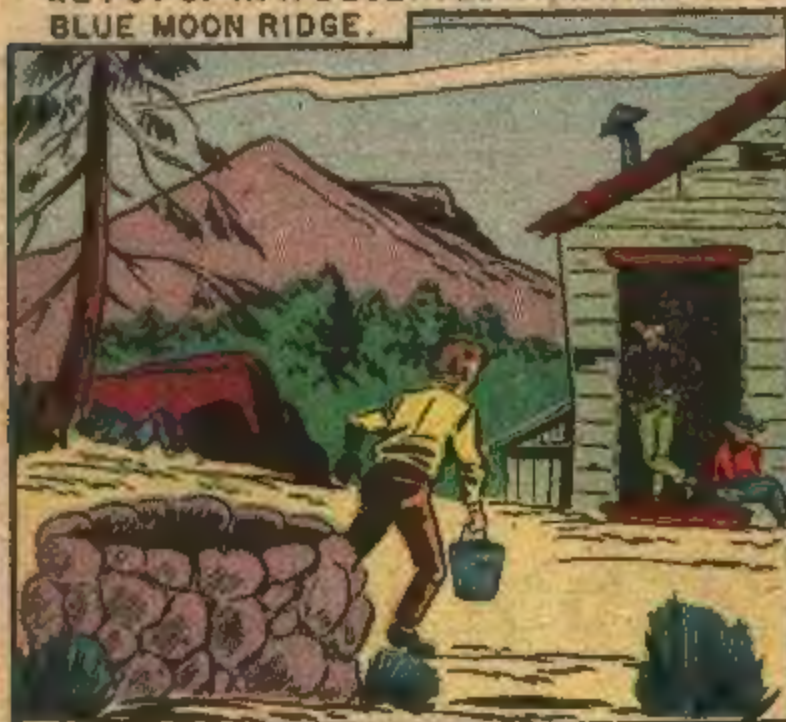
WE'RE MOVIN' ON TO TEXAS, TAD! BUT YOU AIN'T GOIN' ALONG UNLESS YOU SWEAR TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!



I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE, SO I PROMISED! AN' NOW I'VE BROKEN MY WORD BUT---

A PROMISE MADE AT THE POINT OF A GUN IS NOT BINDING ON ANYONE! GO AHEAD! WHAT HAPPENED AFTER YOU CAME TO TEXAS?

"WE PUT UP IN A DESERTED SHACK ON BLUE MOON RIDGE."



"AN' WHEN THE CASH FROM THE ELDORADO HOLDUP WAS GONE, THEY STARTED NIGHT RIDIN' AGAIN."



"NIGHT BEFORE LAST, THEY CRACKED OPEN THE LOST CREEK BANK, AN' WERE SITTIN' AROUND THE TABLE COUNTIN' THE MONEY."



TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! SOME HAUL!

'TAIN'T NOTHIN' TO WHAT WE'LL HAVE IN THE POKE SIX MONTHS FROM NOW!

"THEN IKE GOT PLENTY NASTY AN' CAME AT ME WITH A GUN."

WE GOT A PERFECT SETUP HERE! AN' TO MAKE SURE IT STAYS THAT WAY---

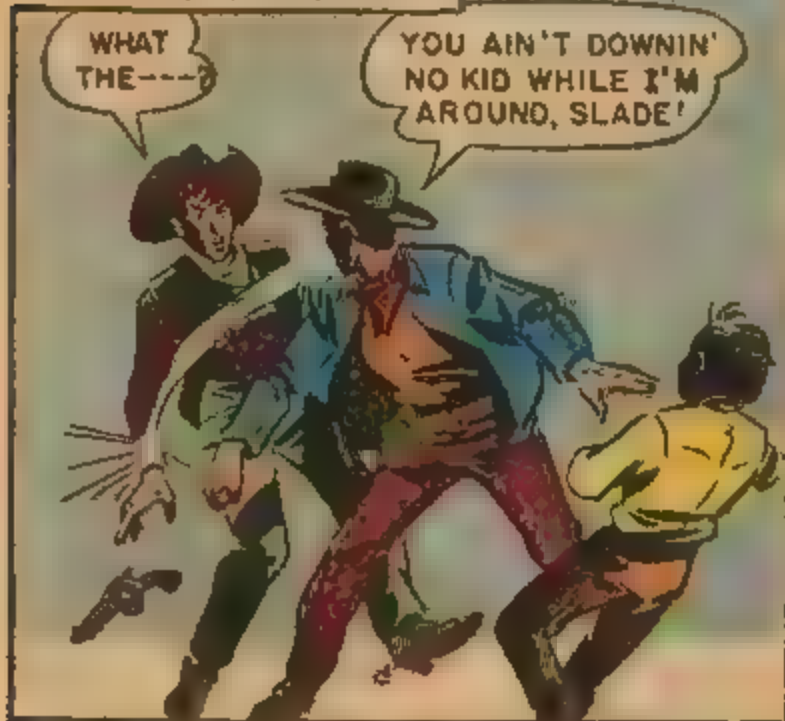




"SLATS STOPPED HIM."

WHAT  
THE---

YOU AIN'T DOWNIN'  
NO KID WHILE I'M  
AROUND, SLADE!



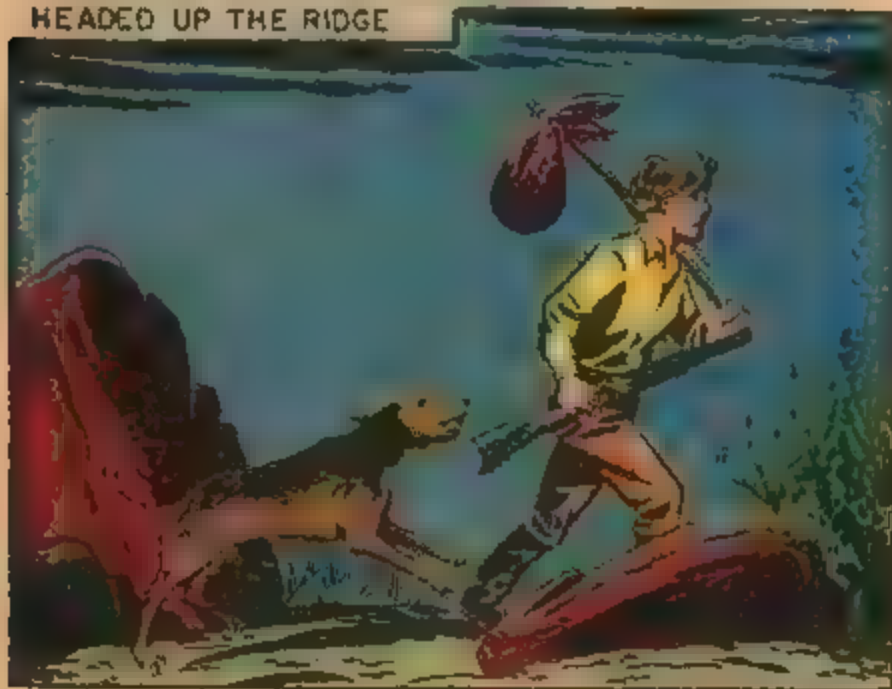
"I DUCKED OUT BACK AN' HID IN THE WELL. I  
COULD HEAR IKE HUNTIN' FOR ME."

WHERE IN  
BLAZES DID  
HE GO?

HE'LL COME BACK!  
DON'T WORRY!



"WHEN THEY WERE ALL DEAD ASLEEP, I TOOK MY  
RIFLE AND RISKY AN' SOME GRUB --- AN'  
HEADED UP THE RIDGE

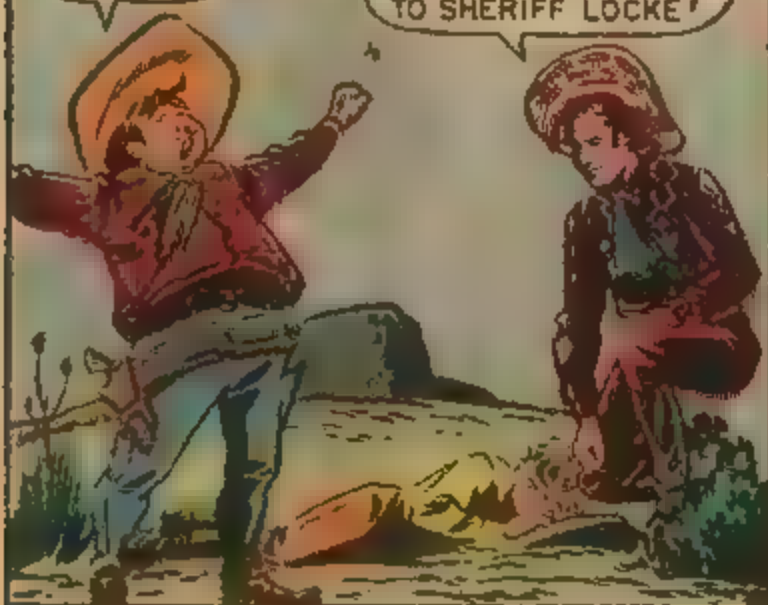


I'VE BEEN ON THE  
MOVE--- EVER SINCE--- AN'  
I'M--- SURE--- TIRED---



AHA! HE TAKES  
THE SIESTA! PANCHO,  
TOO! AND YOU,  
CISCO?

NO! I AM  
STARTING FOR  
LOST CREEK TO  
TELL TAD'S STORY  
TO SHERIFF LOCKE!



BUT I AM NOT LEAVING TAD  
HERE FOR THAT HOMBRE  
SLADE TO FIND!

YOU ARE NOT  
LEAVING PANCHO,  
EITHER! NOT BY  
A LONG SHOTS!





LATER...

WE CANNOT MAKE LOST CREEK BEFORE DARK, SO I THINK WE WILL STOP AT SEÑOR MACDONALD'S RANCH!

AFTER THAT LONG NAP, I COULD KEEP GOIN' ALL NIGHT!



(YAWN) NOT PANCHO! HE IS SO TIRED, HE HEARS STRANGE NOISES--- LIKE HORNS AND FIDDLES AND ---

I HEAR THEM, TOO! COMING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS RISE!

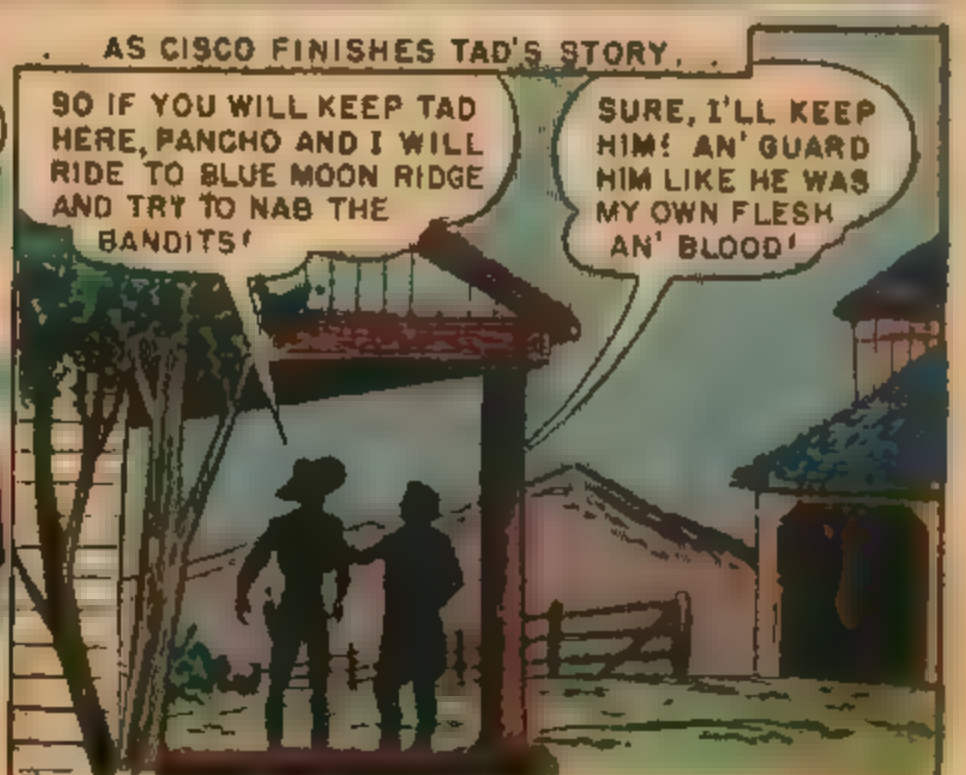
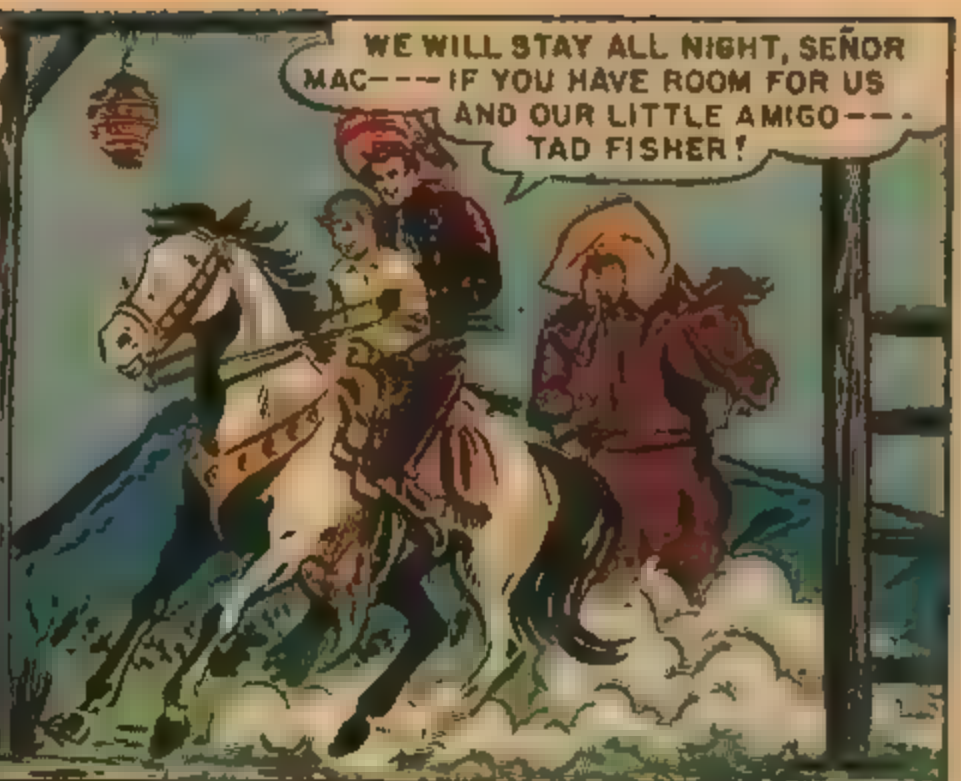
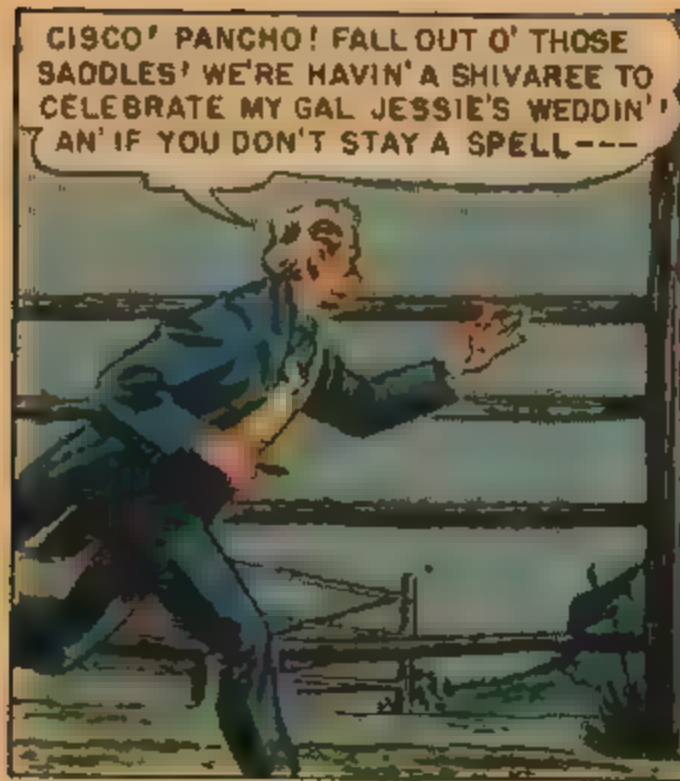


LOOK! A FIESTA! NOW PANCHO NOT TIRED ANY MORE! BUT HE IS HUNGRY AGAIN!

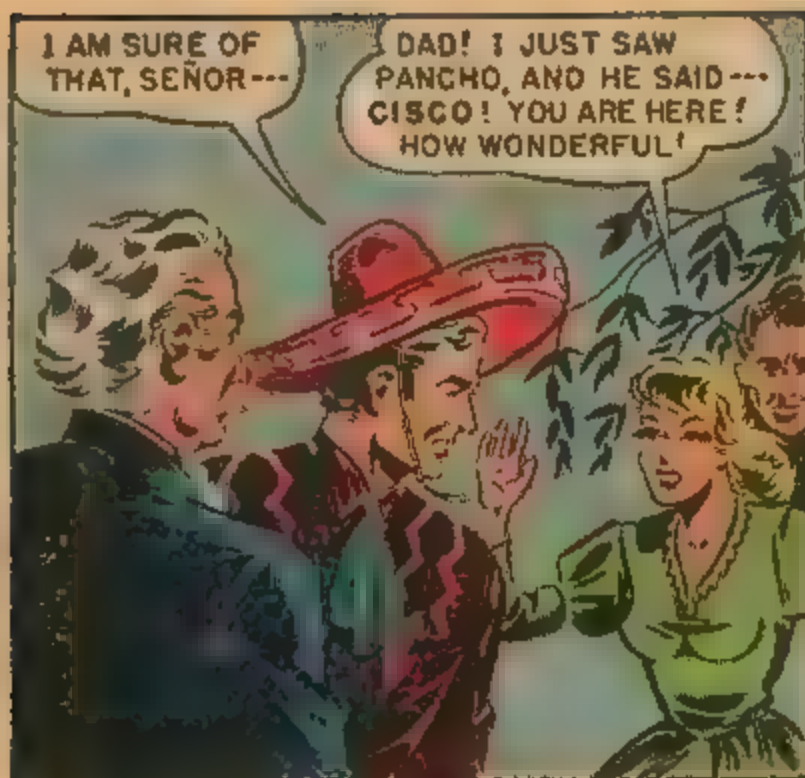
AGAIN?--- YET!



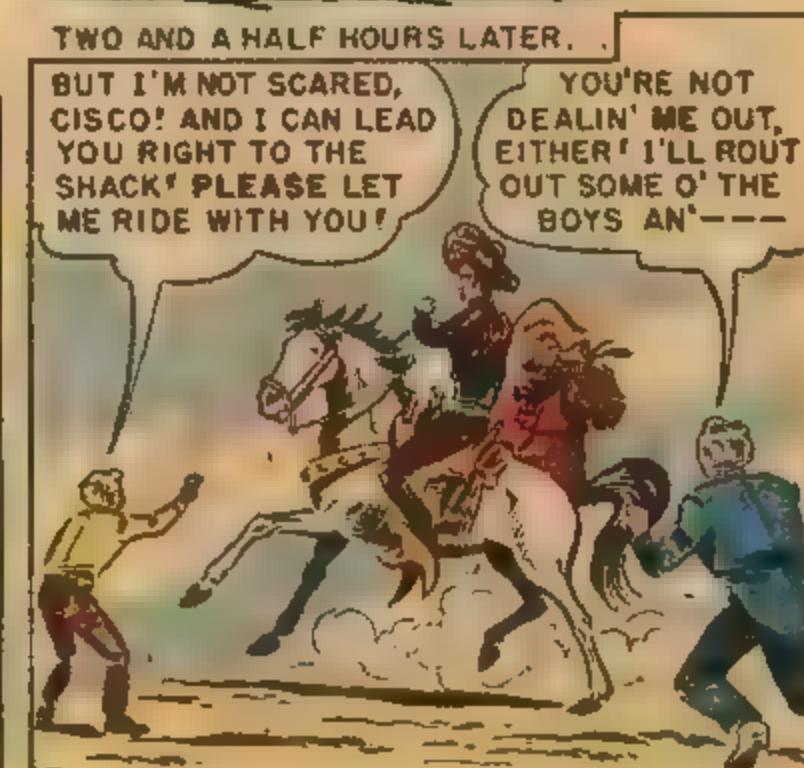
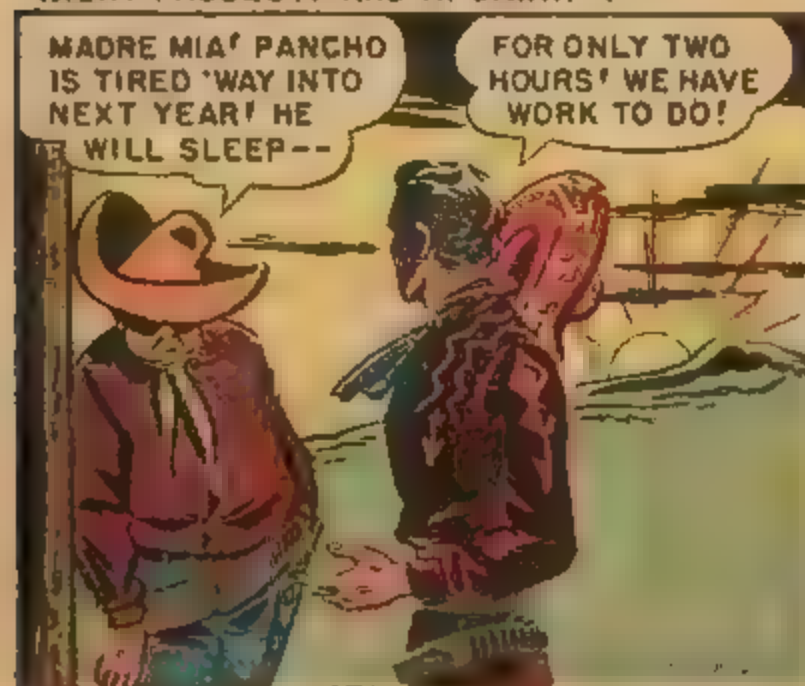






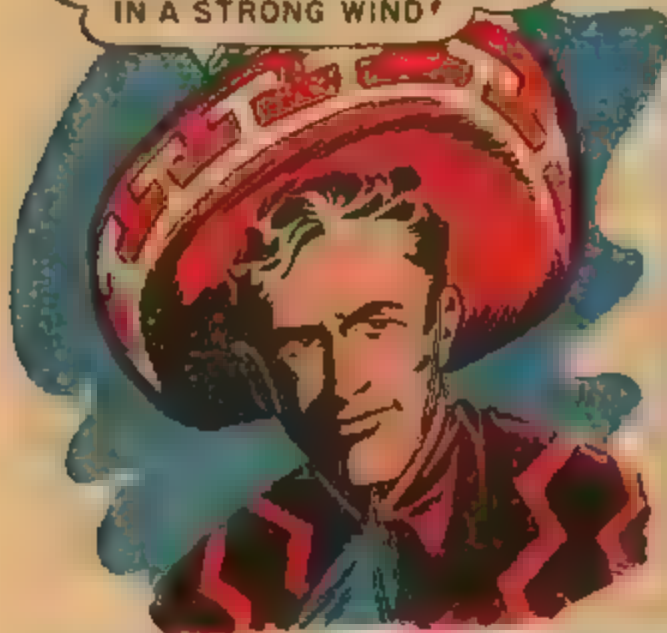


SO WITH DANCING, LAUGHTER AND MUSIC, THE NIGHT PASSES... AND AT DAWN...



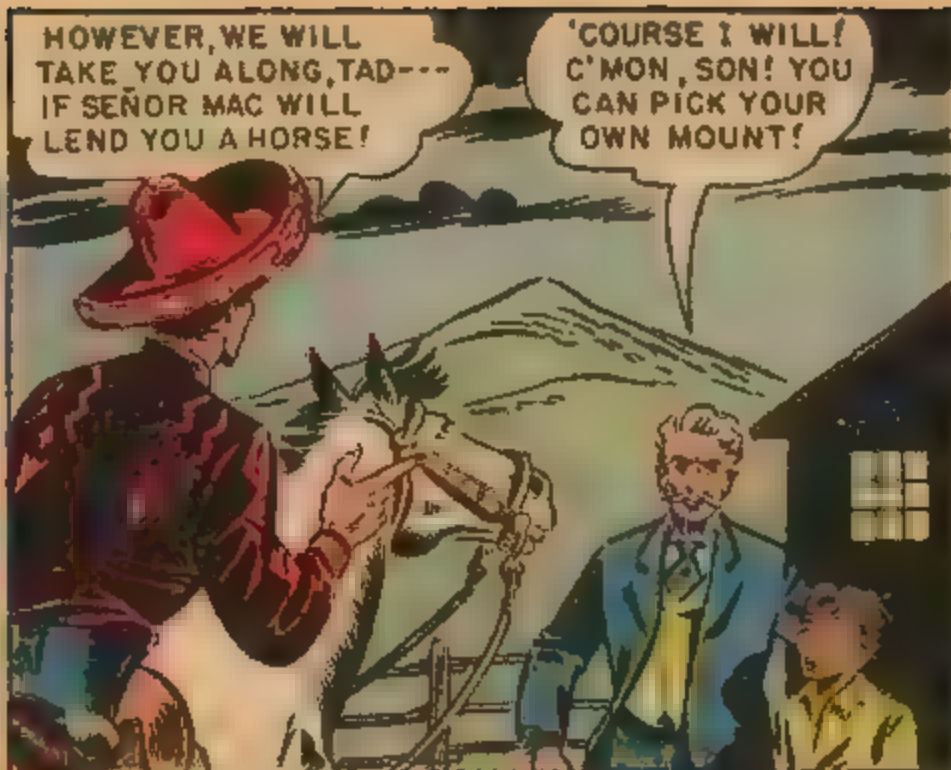


NO! TWO OR THREE RIDERS  
WILL NOT AROUSE SUSPICION!  
BUT A POSSE WILL SCATTER  
THE BANDITS LIKE LEAVES  
IN A STRONG WIND!



HOWEVER, WE WILL  
TAKE YOU ALONG, TAD---  
IF SEÑOR MAC WILL  
LEND YOU A HORSE!

'COURSE I WILL!  
C'MON, SON! YOU  
CAN PICK YOUR  
OWN MOUNT!



TIE RISKY UP, TAD!  
WE CANNOT TAKE  
HIM, TOO!

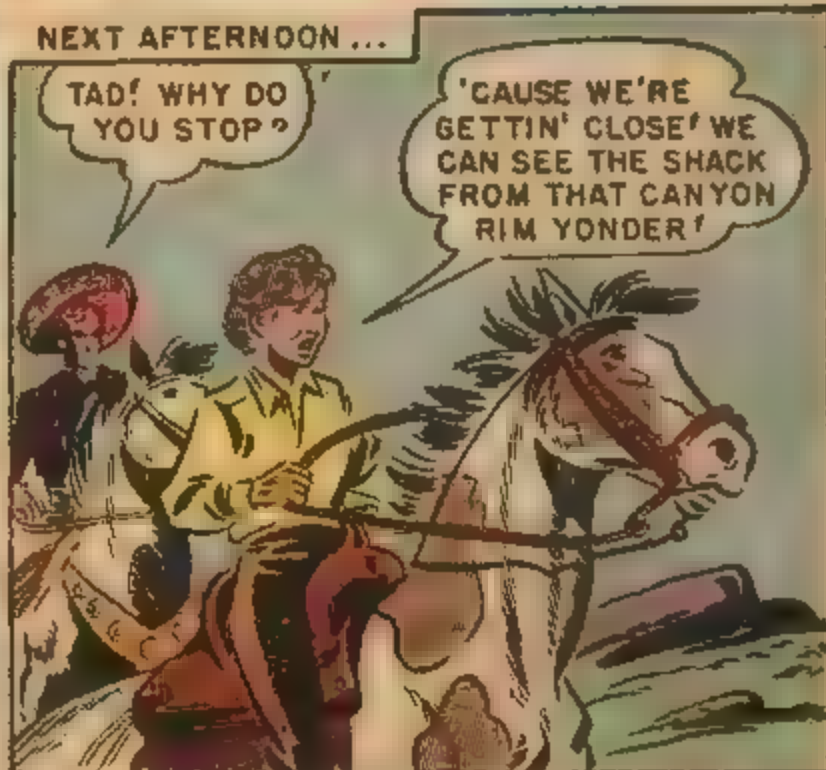
OKAY!



NEXT AFTERNOON ...

TAD! WHY DO  
YOU STOP?

'CAUSE WE'RE  
GETTIN' CLOSE! WE  
CAN SEE THE SHACK  
FROM THAT CANYON  
RIM YONDER!



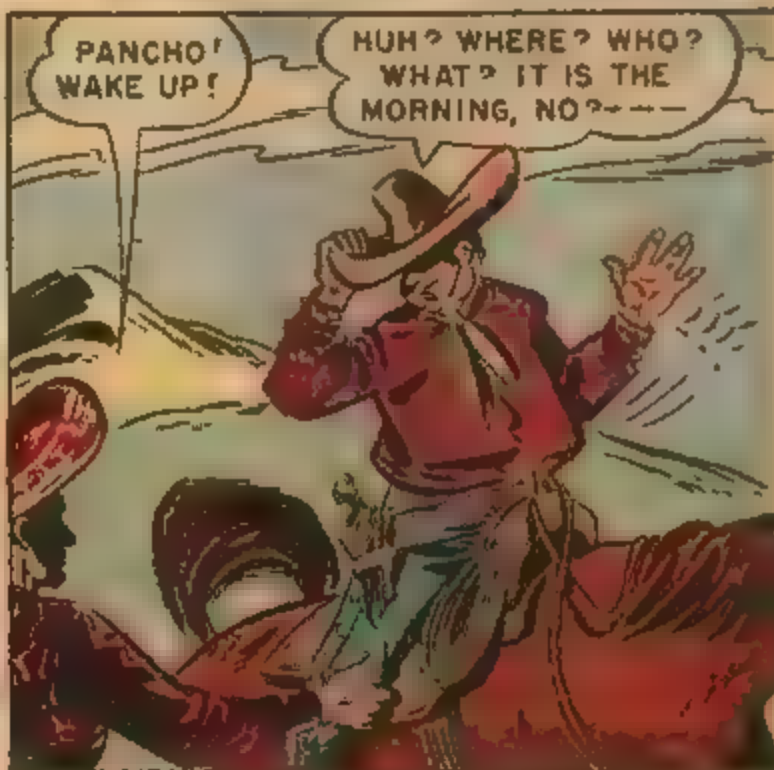
THEN WE WILL LEAVE  
THE HORSES HERE AND--  
SANTO! LOOK AT  
PANCHO!

GOSH! HE'S GONE  
TO SLEEP AGAIN!

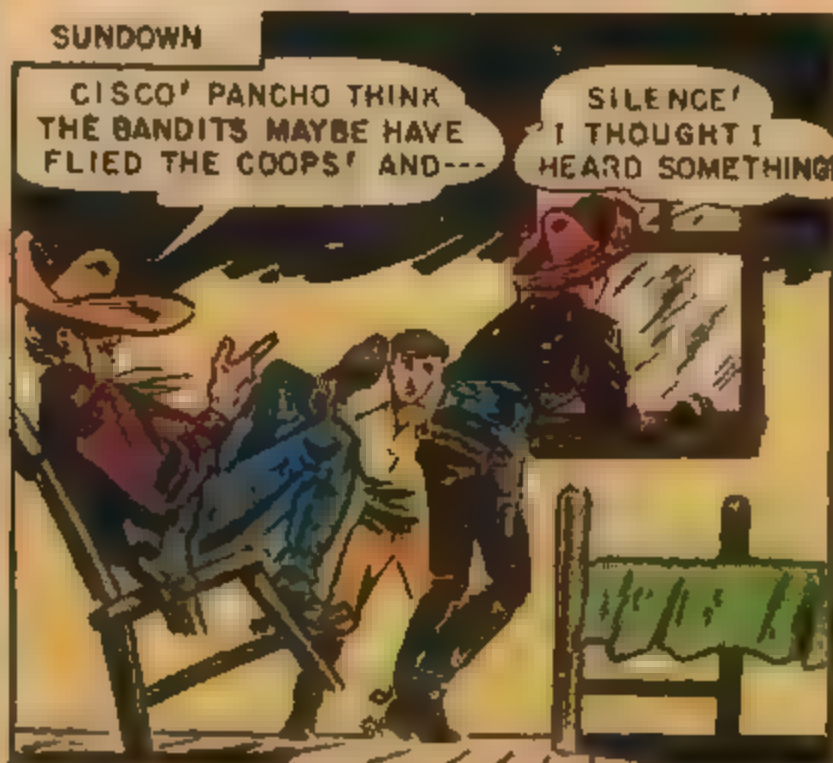
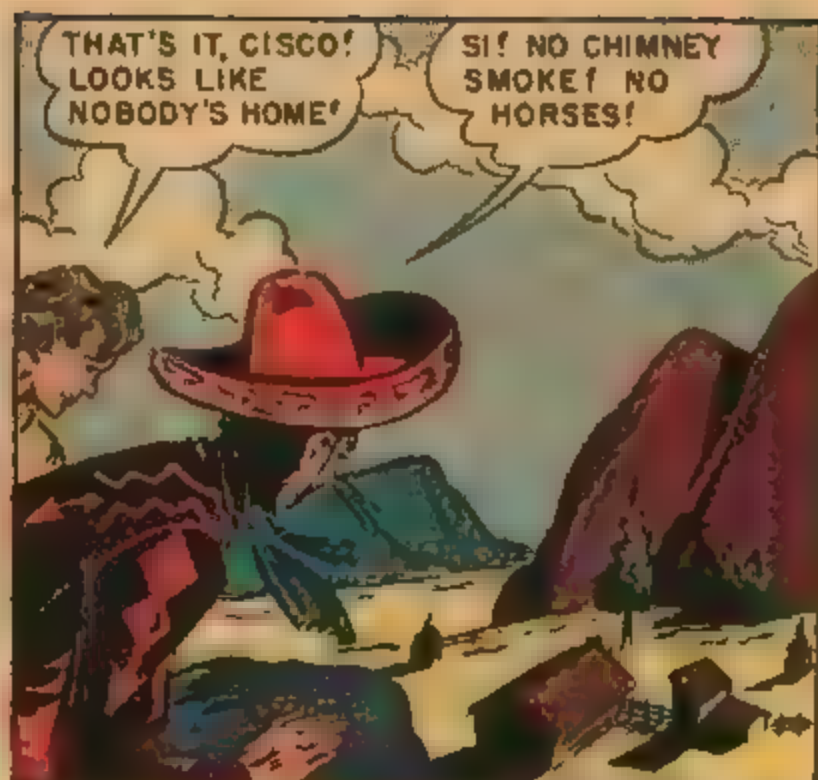
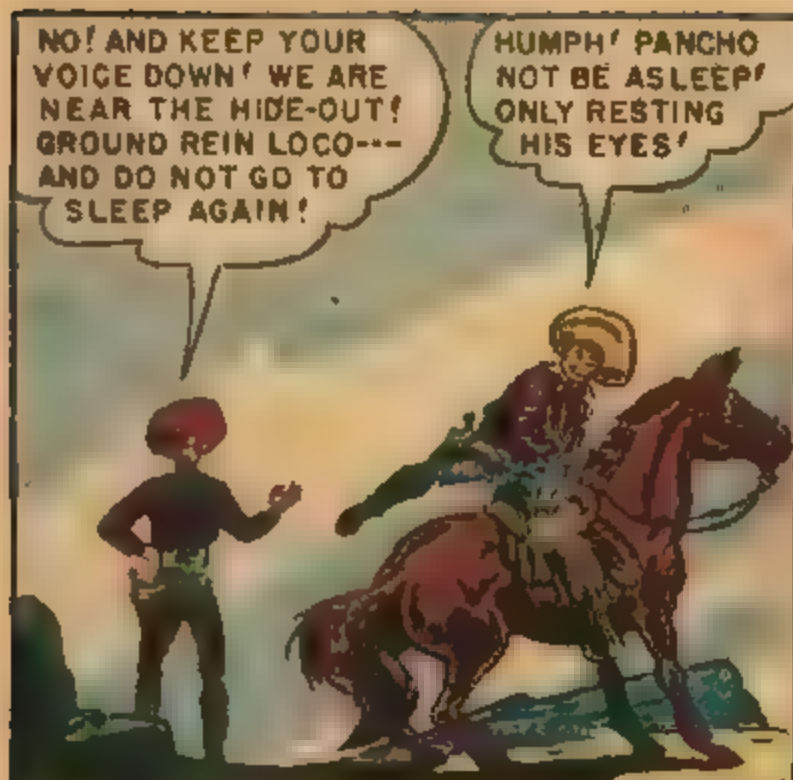


PANCHO!  
WAKE UP!

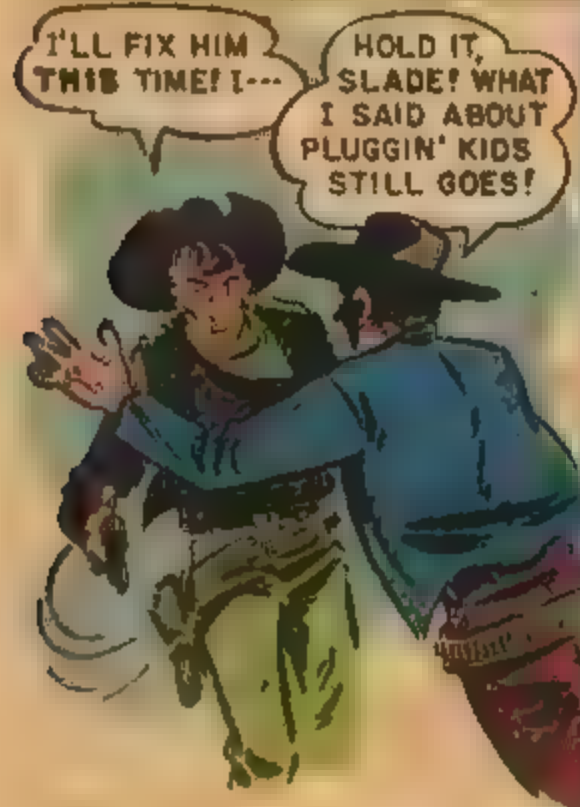
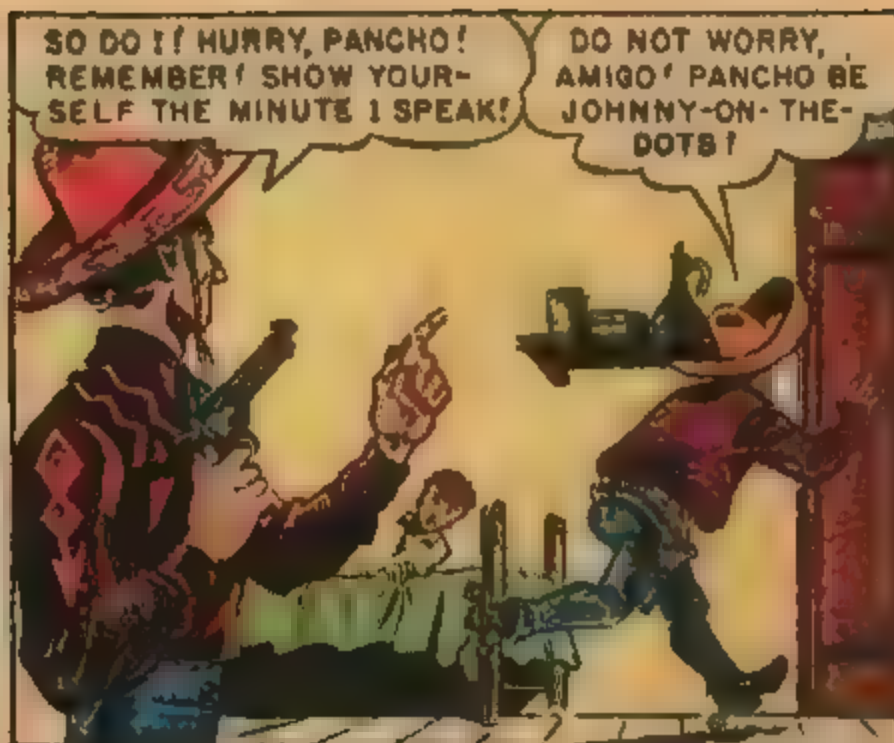
HUH? WHERE? WHO?  
WHAT? IT IS THE  
MORNING, NO?---



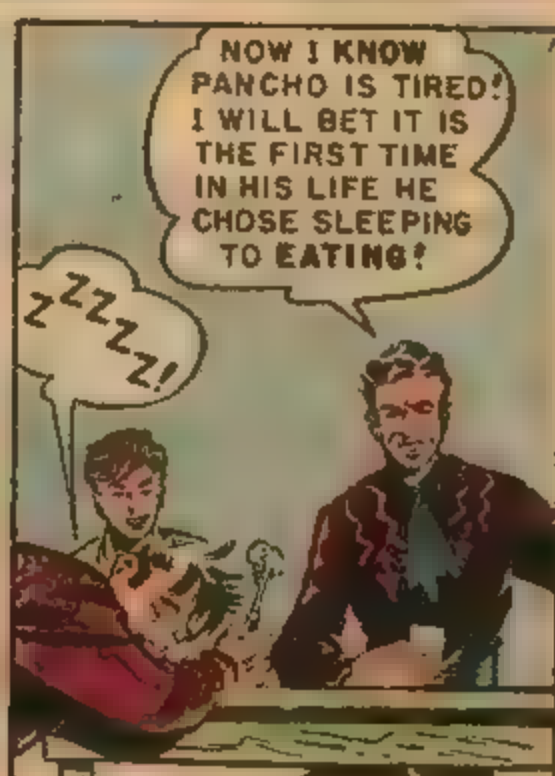
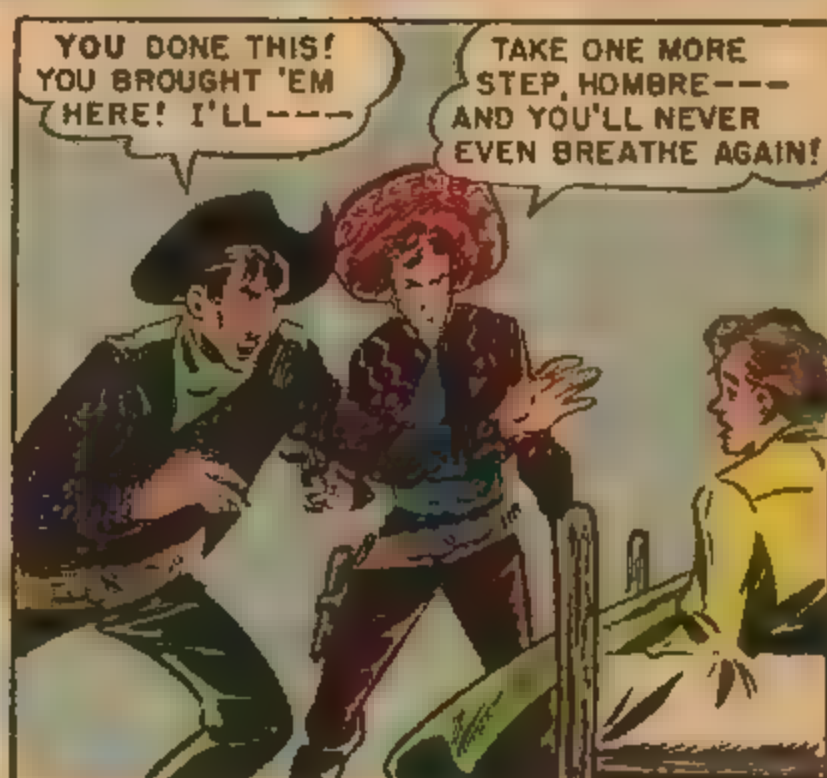
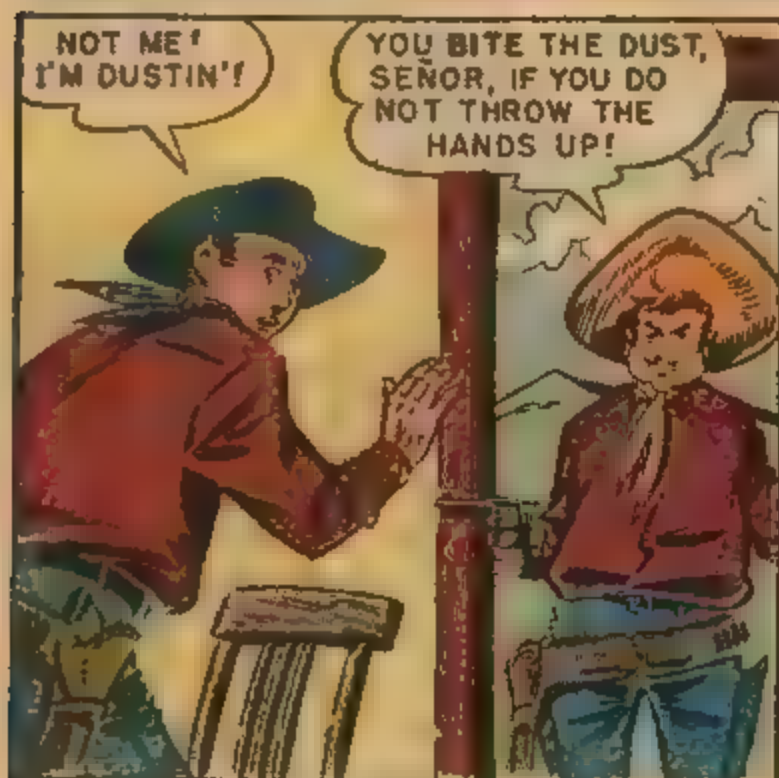














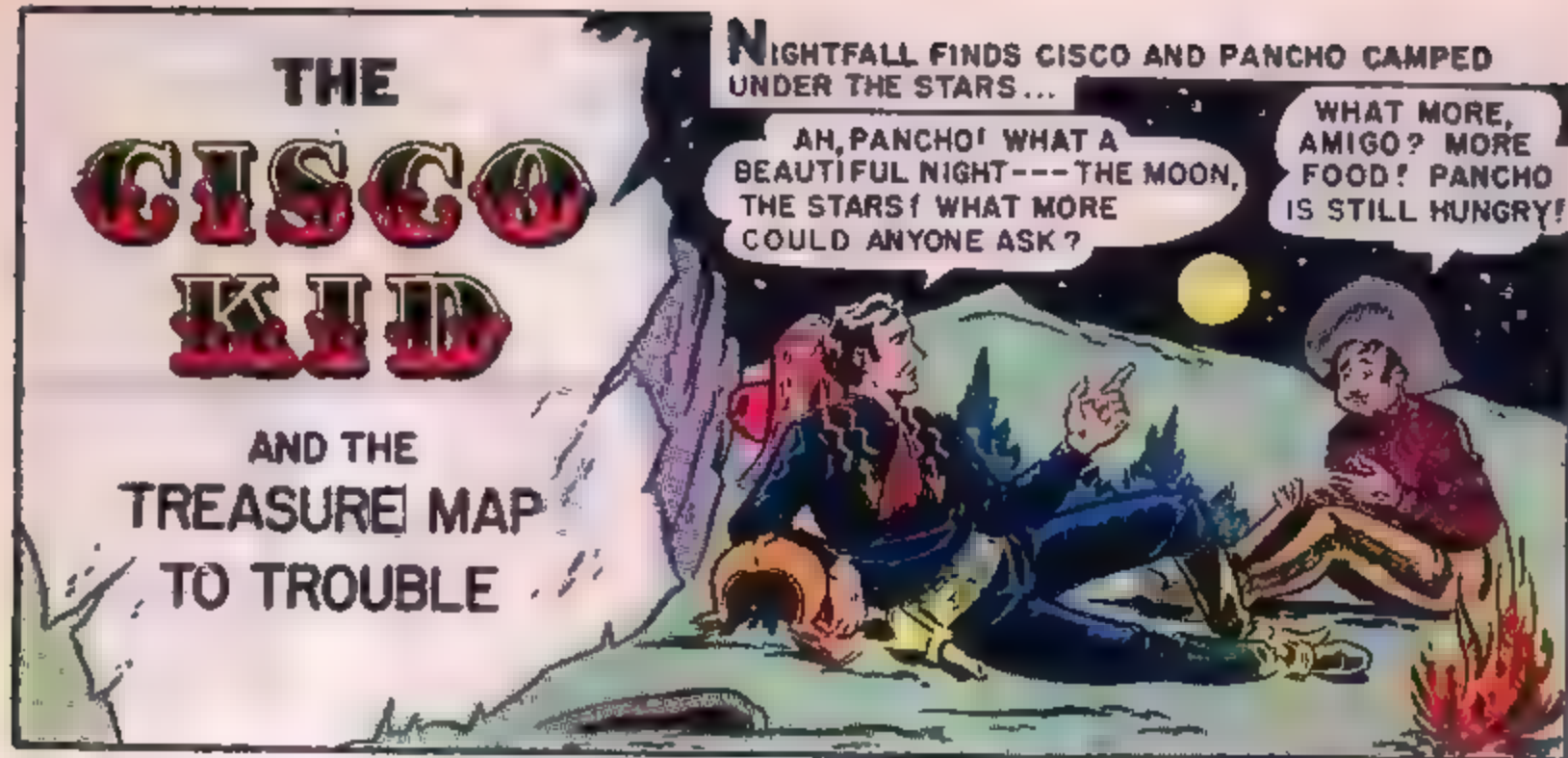
# THE CISCO KID

## AND THE TREASURE MAP TO TROUBLE

NIGHTFALL FINDS CISCO AND PANCHO CAMPED UNDER THE STARS...

AH, PANCHO! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT--- THE MOON, THE STARS! WHAT MORE COULD ANYONE ASK?

WHAT MORE, AMIGO? MORE FOOD! PANCHO IS STILL HUNGRY!



FOOD, PANCHO, FOOD! IS THAT ALL YOU EVER THINK ABOUT?

SI! WHAT ELSE IS THERE FOR PANCHO TO THINK OF?

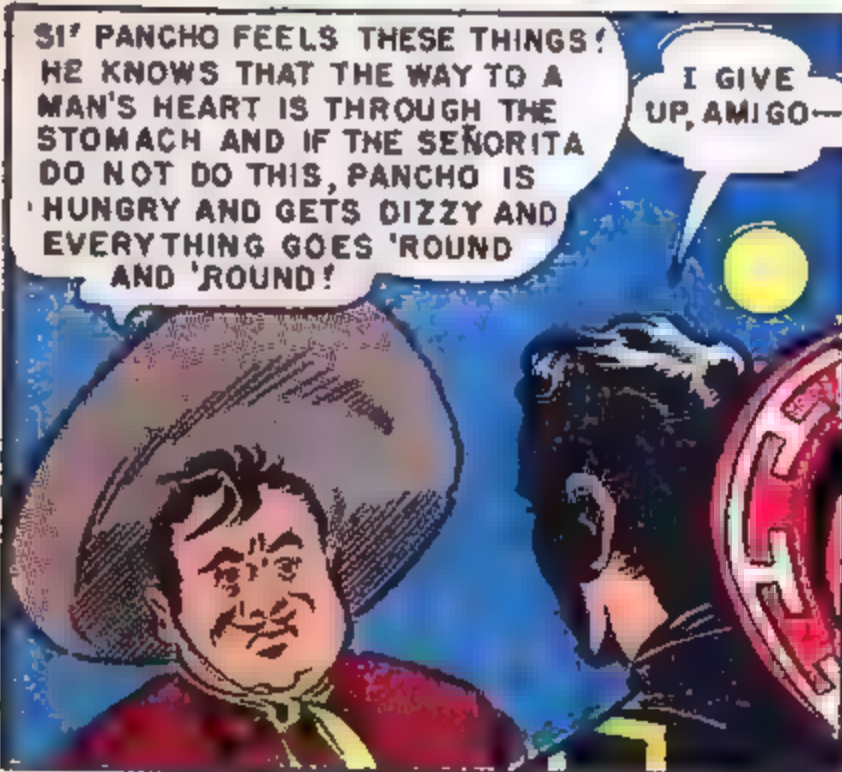


MANY THINGS, PANCHO! THE FREEDOM OF THE OPEN SPACES! ROMANCE--- LOVE! THE BEAUTIFUL SEÑORITA MAKING HER WAY TO A MAN'S HEART--- THAT IS WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO 'ROUND! DO YOU NOT HAVE ANY OF THESE FEELINGS, AMIGO?



SI! PANCHO FEELS THESE THINGS! HE KNOWS THAT THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH THE STOMACH AND IF THE SEÑORITA DO NOT DO THIS, PANCHO IS HUNGRY AND GETS DIZZY AND EVERYTHING GOES 'ROUND AND 'ROUND!

I GIVE UP, AMIGO---



---LET US GO TO SLEEP! GOOD NIGHT, PANCHO!

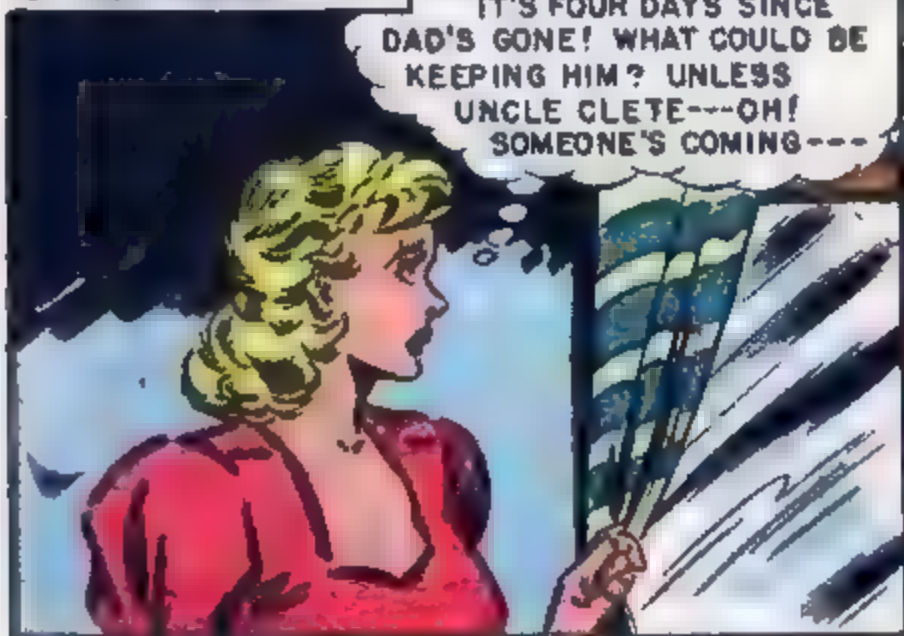
GOOD NIGHT, CISCO!





AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE LAZY-T RANCH, JEAN TIME AWAITS THE RETURN OF HER FATHER ———

IT'S FOUR DAYS SINCE DAD'S GONE! WHAT COULD BE KEEPING HIM? UNLESS UNCLE CLETE---OH! SOMEONE'S COMING---

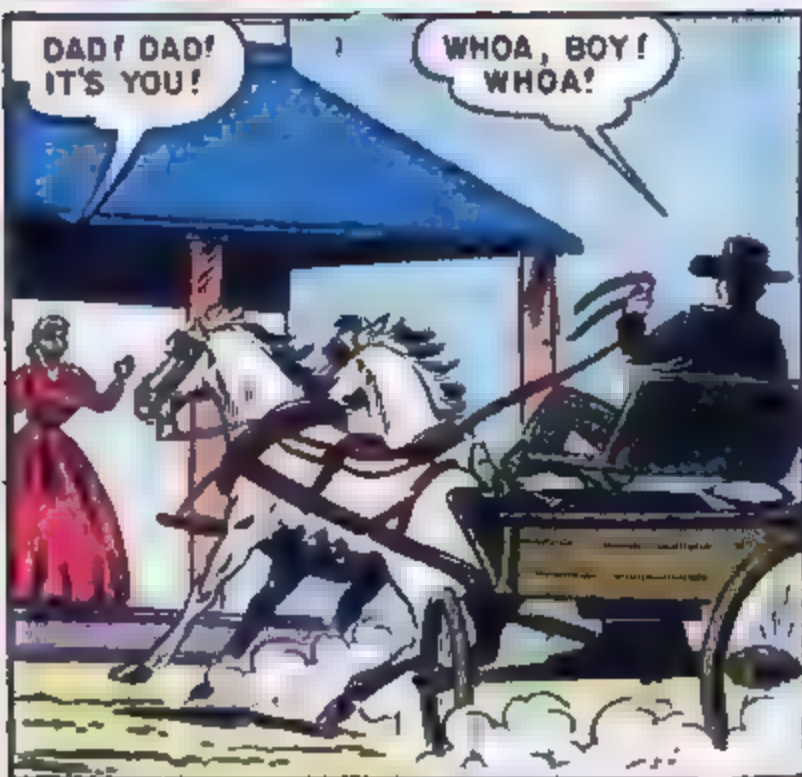


I DO HOPE IT'S---



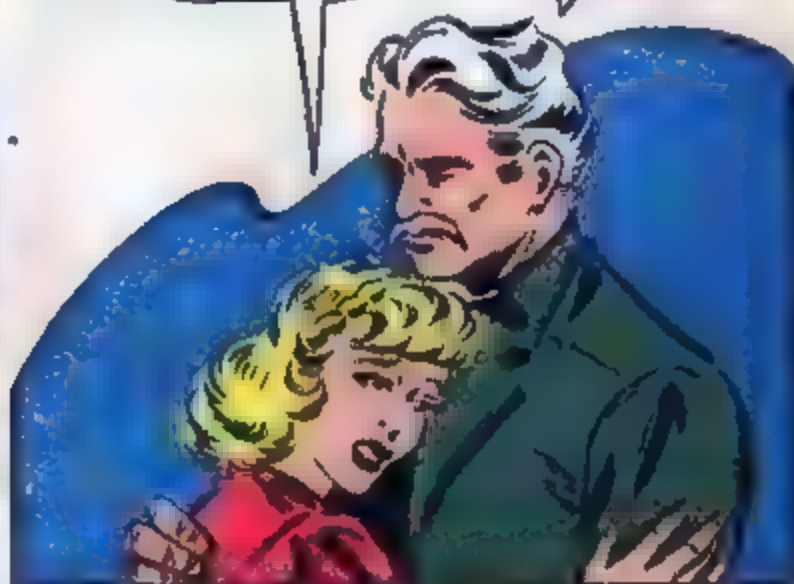
DAD! DAD! IT'S YOU!

WHOA, BOY! WHOA!



OH, DAD! I WAS SO WORRIED! YOU SAID YOU'D ONLY BE GONE FOR TWO DAYS!

I KNOW, JEAN! BUT THINGS DIDN'T GO SO WELL---



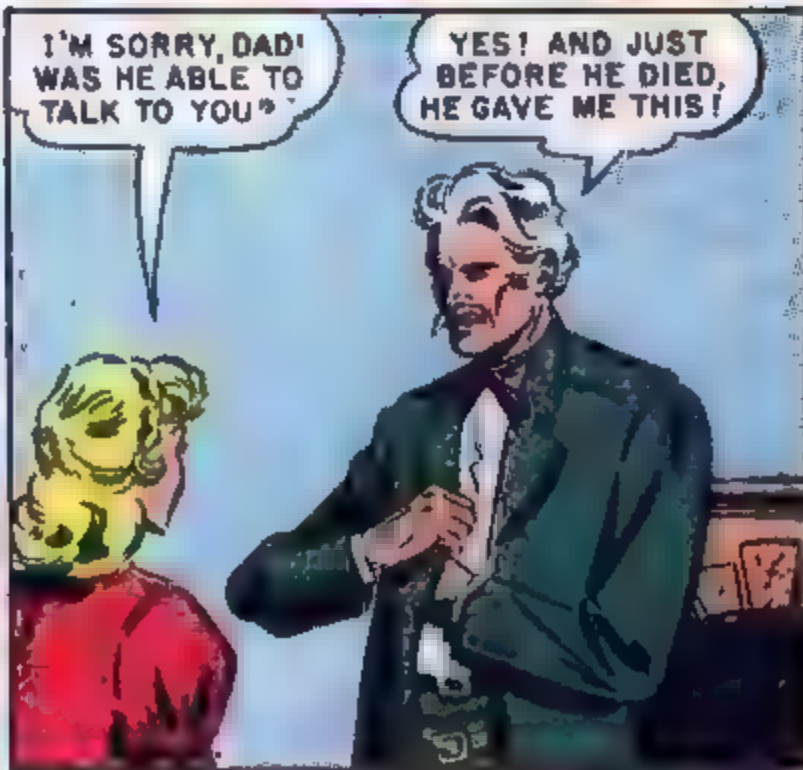
YOU MEAN --- UNCLE CLETE ---

YES, JEAN! HE---HE DIED SHORTLY AFTER I SAW HIM! I STAYED ON FOR THE FUNERAL, THAT'S WHY I WAS SO LONG!

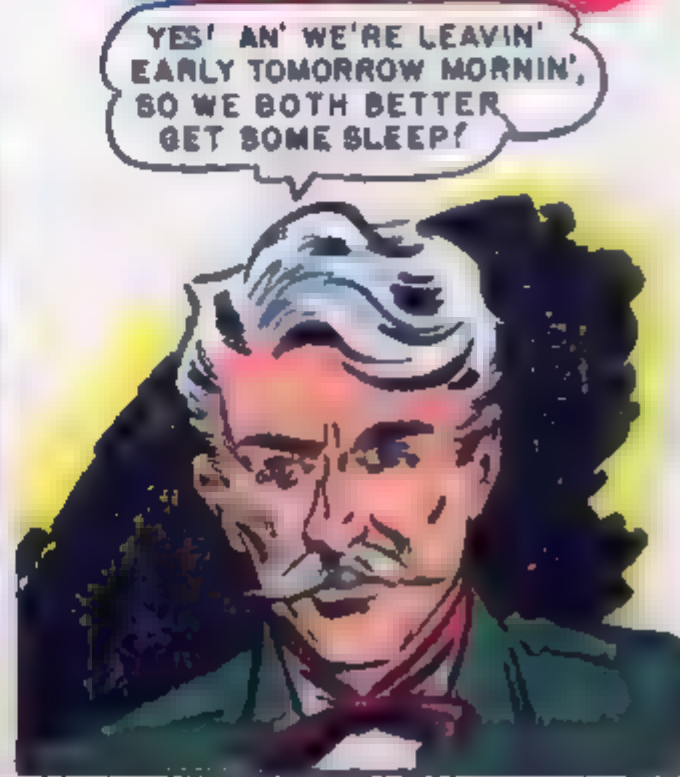
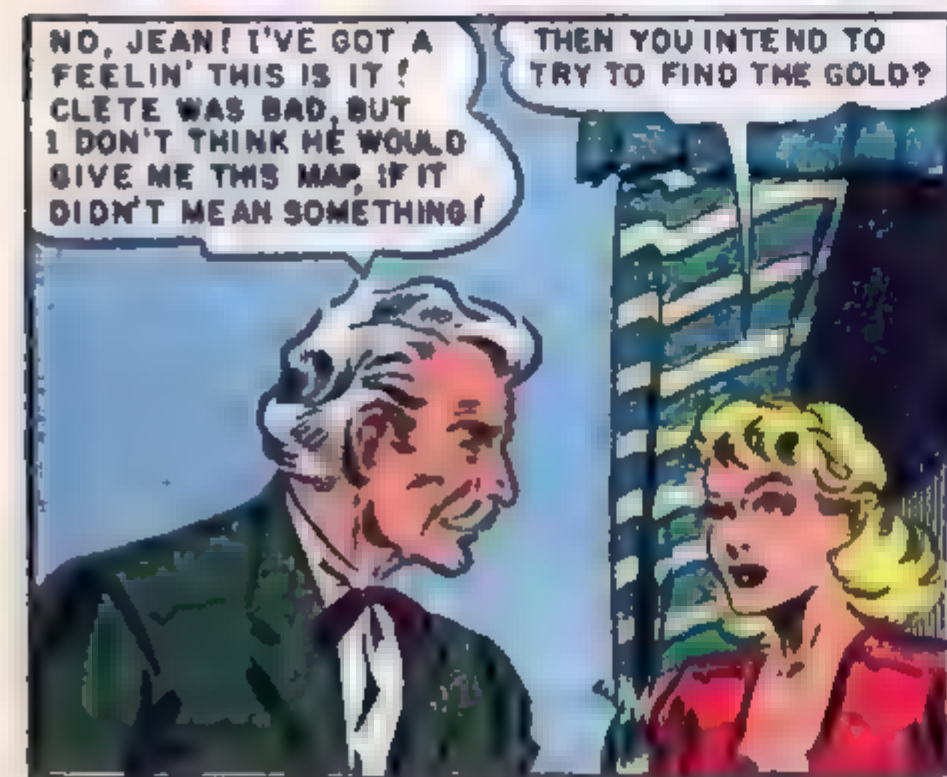
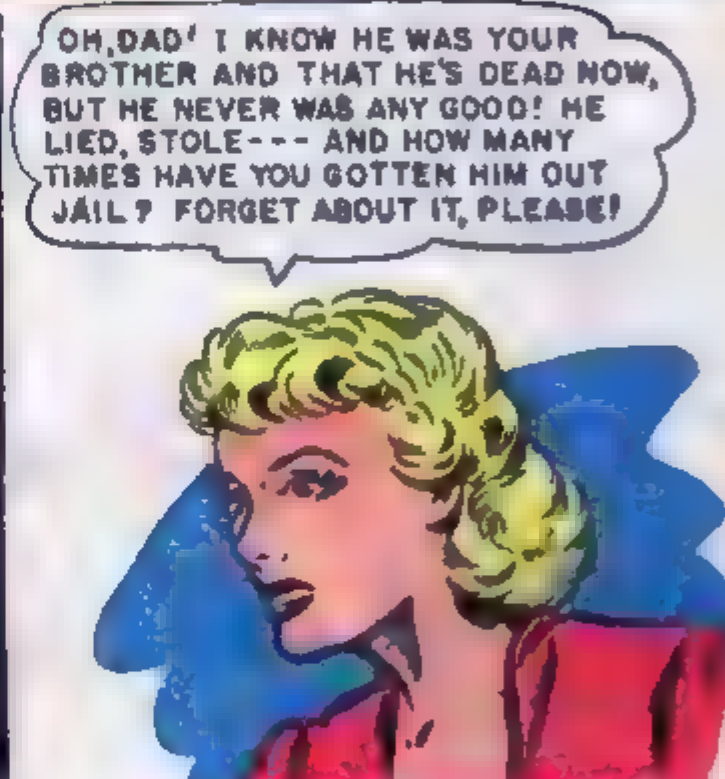
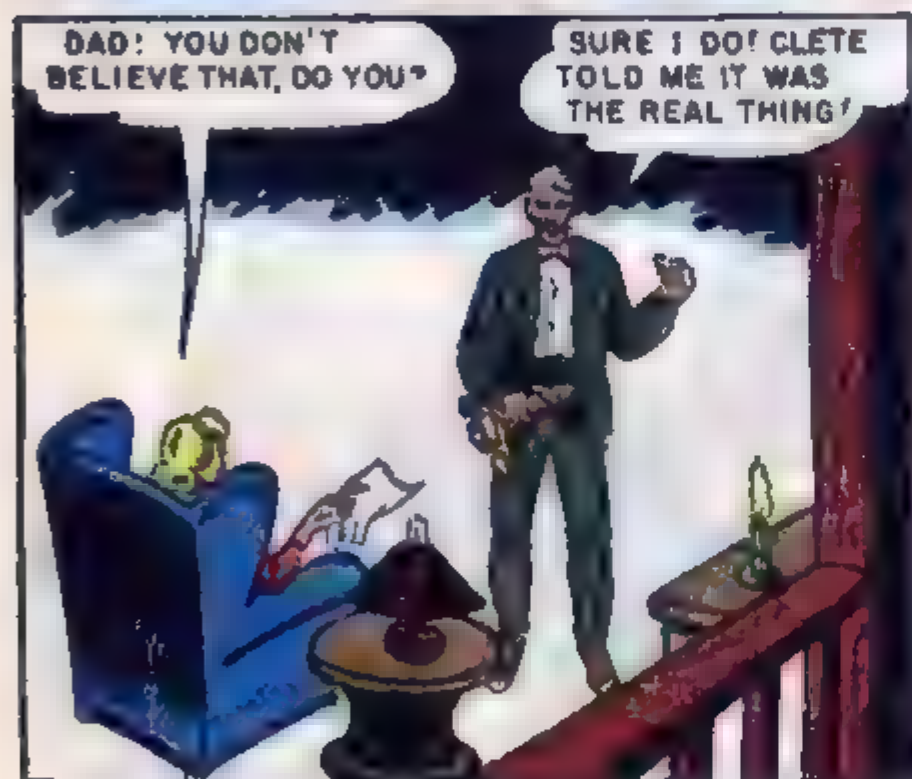


I'M SORRY, DAD! WAS HE ABLE TO TALK TO YOU?

YES! AND JUST BEFORE HE DIED, HE GAVE ME THIS!









**N**EXT MORNING,  
JEAN AND HER  
DAD ARE WELL  
ON THE ROAD  
TO BALD ROCK...

I NEVER HEARD OF  
BALD ROCK, DAD! NOW  
FAR IS IT?

ACCORDIN' TO CLETE, HE SAID IT WAS  
ABOUT FIFTY MILES FROM OUR RANCH!  
WE MUST BE NEARIN' IT NOW---

---BUT DURNED IF I  
CAN SEE ANYTHING  
THAT LOOKS LIKE  
A "BALD ROCK"  
TO ME!

MAYBE WHEN WE  
GET THERE, ALL  
THE OTHER ROCKS  
WILL HAVE GRASS  
GROWING ON THEM AND  
THE ONE THAT DOESN'T  
IS "BALD ROCK"!

DON'T FOOL LIKE  
THAT, JEAN! I'M DOIN'  
THIS FOR YOUR SAKE---

I'M SORRY, DAD!  
OH---LOOK! FOUR  
RIDERS COMING  
THIS WAY!

MAYBE THEY KNOW  
WHERE BALD ROCK IS!  
I'LL ASK THEM---

... AND DON'T SAY  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
THE MAP!



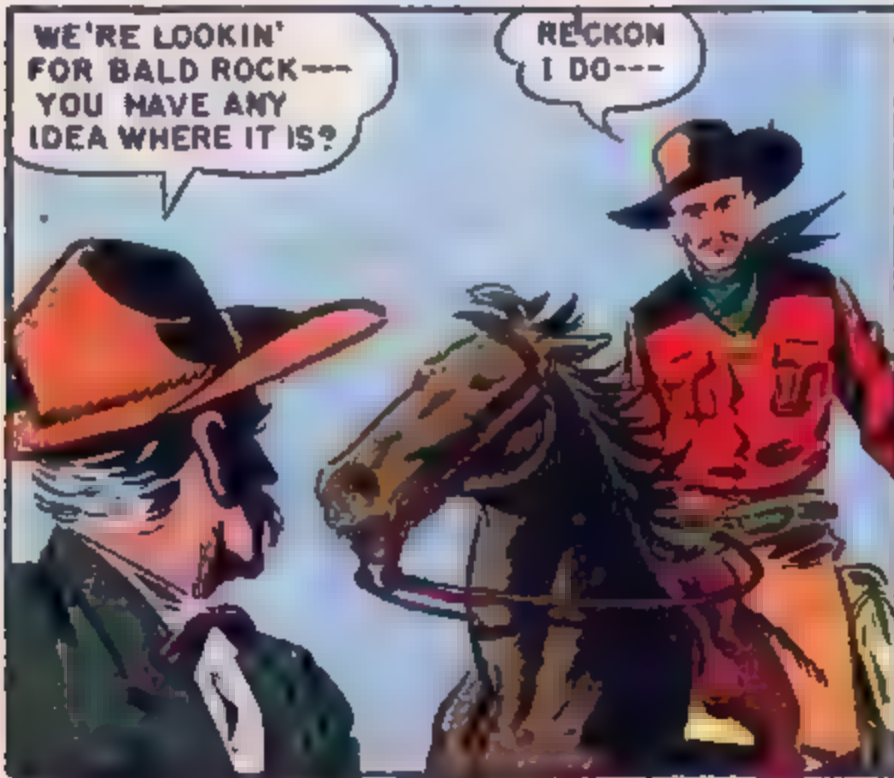
HI, THERE! PULL  
UP A MINUTE!  
WHOA---WHOA!

WHAT'S YOUR  
TROUBLE, STRANGER?



WE'RE LOOKIN'  
FOR BALD ROCK---  
YOU HAVE ANY  
IDEA WHERE IT IS?

RECKON  
I DO---



--- STAY ON THIS TRAIL FOR  
ABOUT FIVE MILES! YOU'LL SEE  
A GROVE O' COTTONWOODS! THEY  
SET RIGHT AT THE FOOT O' BALD  
ROCK! YOU CAN'T MISS IT!



MUCH OBLIGED, MISTER!  
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW.  
GIDDAP, THERE ---  
GIDDAP!

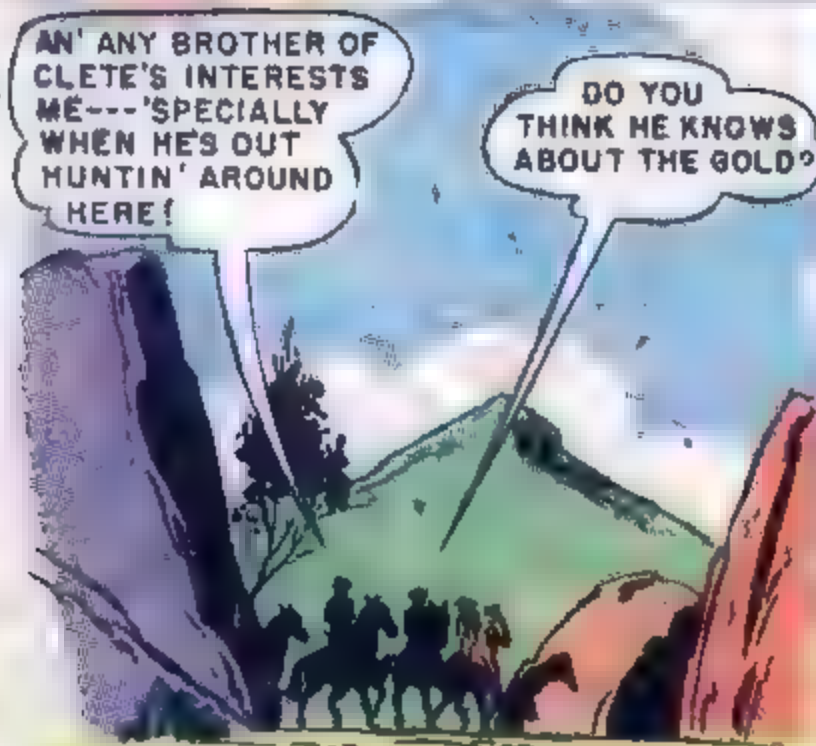
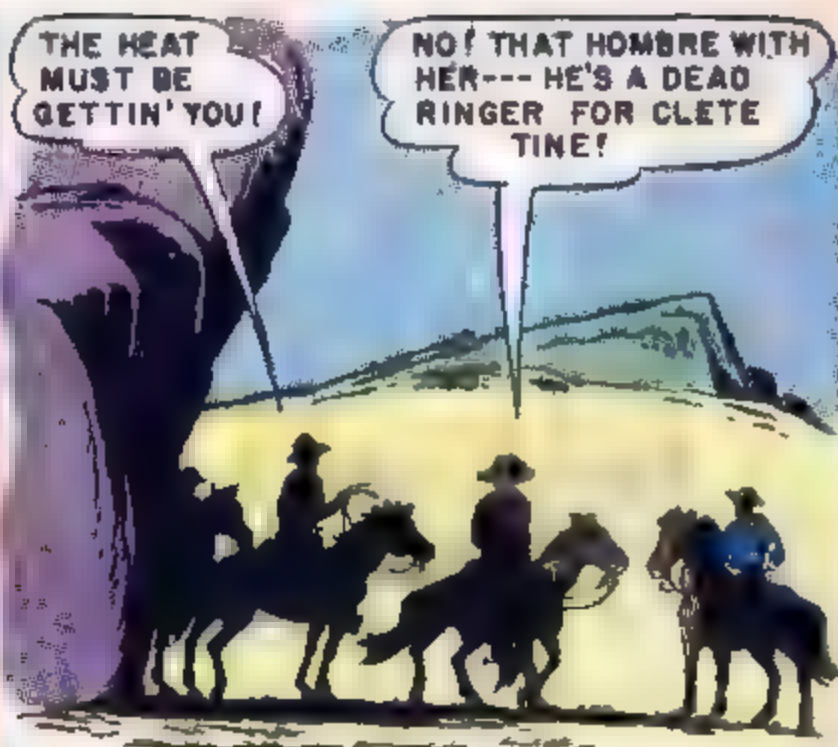
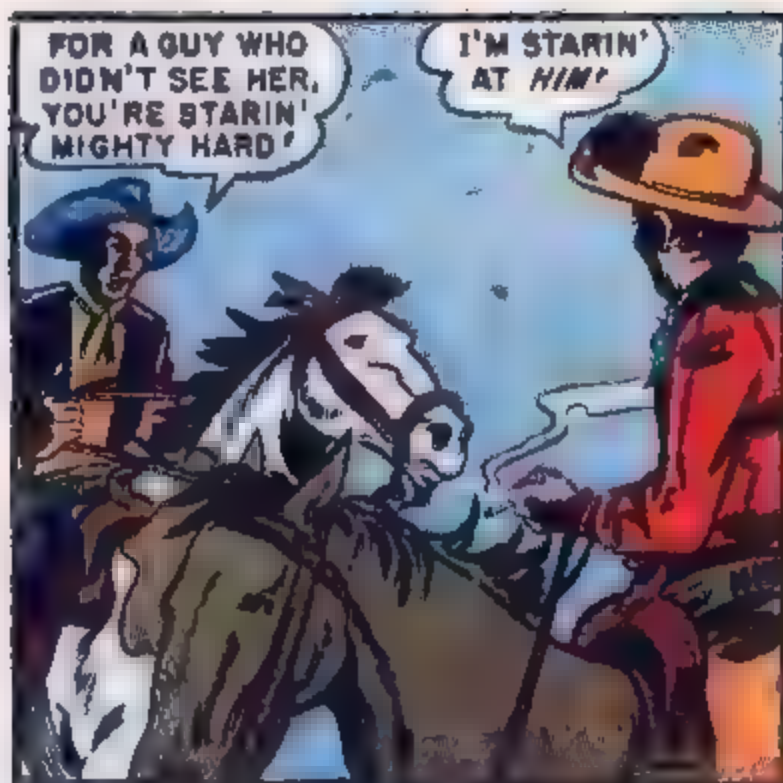


MIGHTY PRETTY-  
LOOKIN' GAL WITH  
THAT HOMBRE!

I DIDN'T  
NOTICE HER!





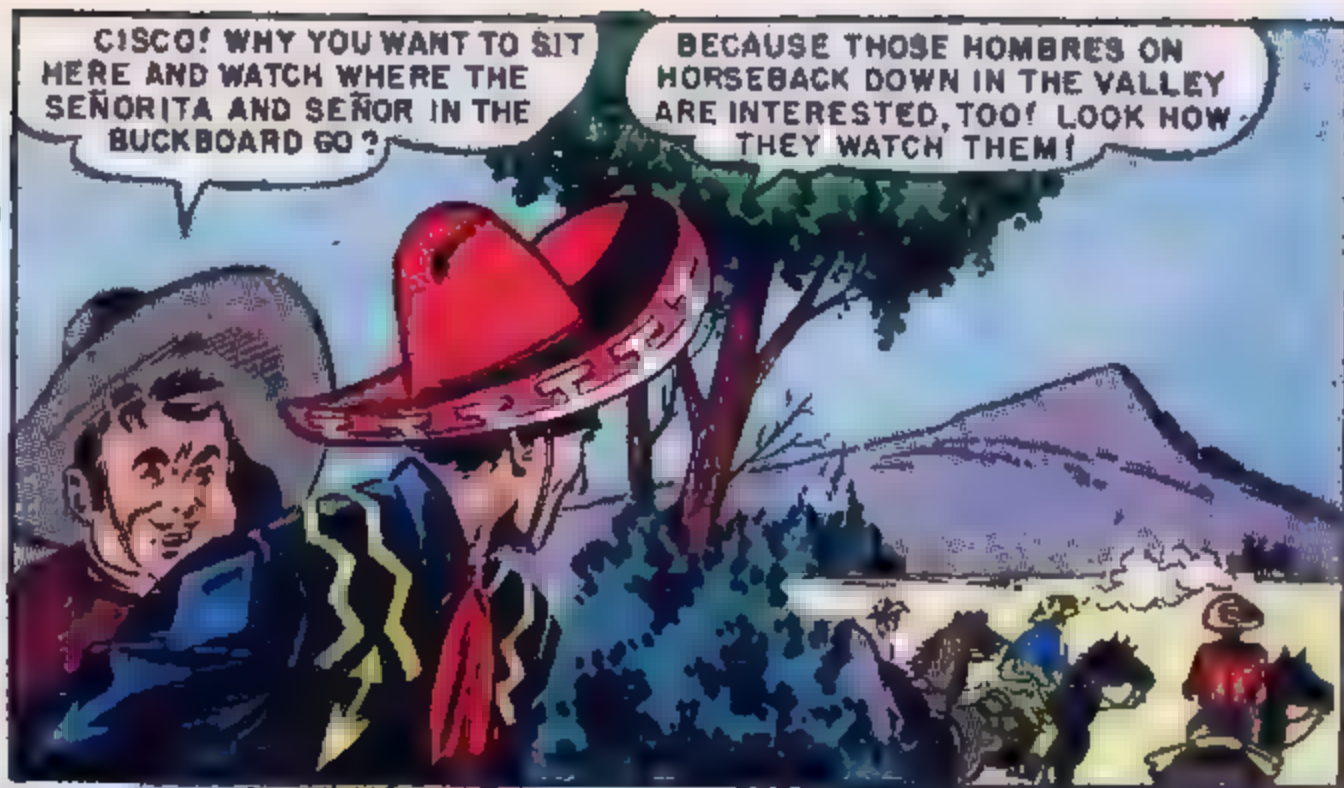




FROM ATOP A SMALL RISE, AND CONCEALED BY LOW GROWING SHRUBS, CISCO AND PANCHE WATCH WITH INTEREST, BLACK BINTON AND HIS GANG...

CISCO! WHY YOU WANT TO SIT HERE AND WATCH WHERE THE SEÑORITA AND SEÑOR IN THE BUCKBOARD GO?

BECAUSE THOSE HOMBRES ON HORSEBACK DOWN IN THE VALLEY ARE INTERESTED, TOO! LOOK HOW THEY WATCH THEM!



THOSE SEÑORS SEEMED TO BE IN A HURRY WHEN THEY MET THOSE TWO! NOW THEY SEEM TO BE IN NO HURRY AT ALL!

AND YOU THINK THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG, AMIGO?

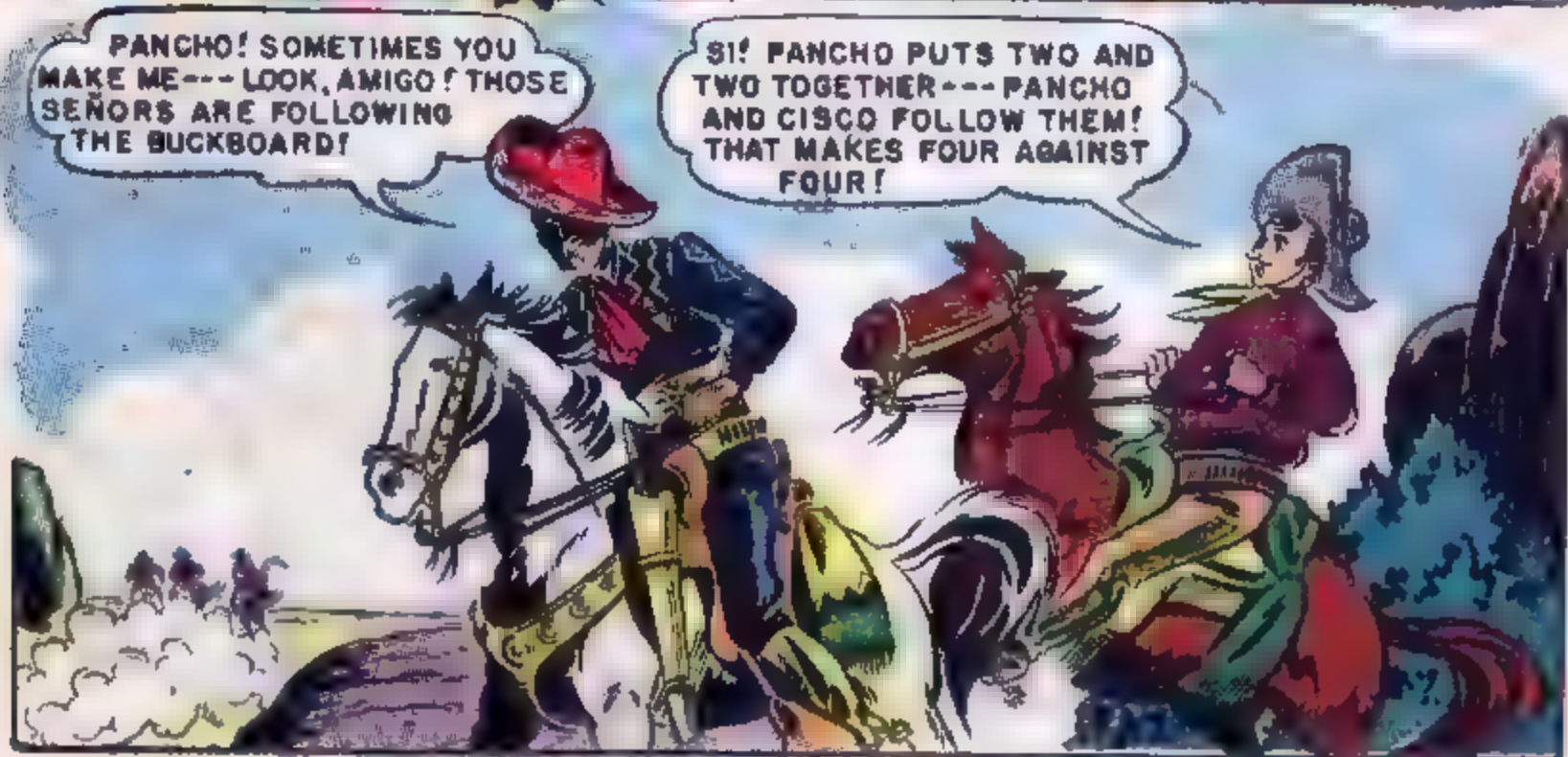
SI! AND I WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THOSE SEÑORS, TOO

PANCHE THINKS CISCO WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE PRETTY SEÑORITA, THAN HE DOES ABOUT THOSE HOMBRES!

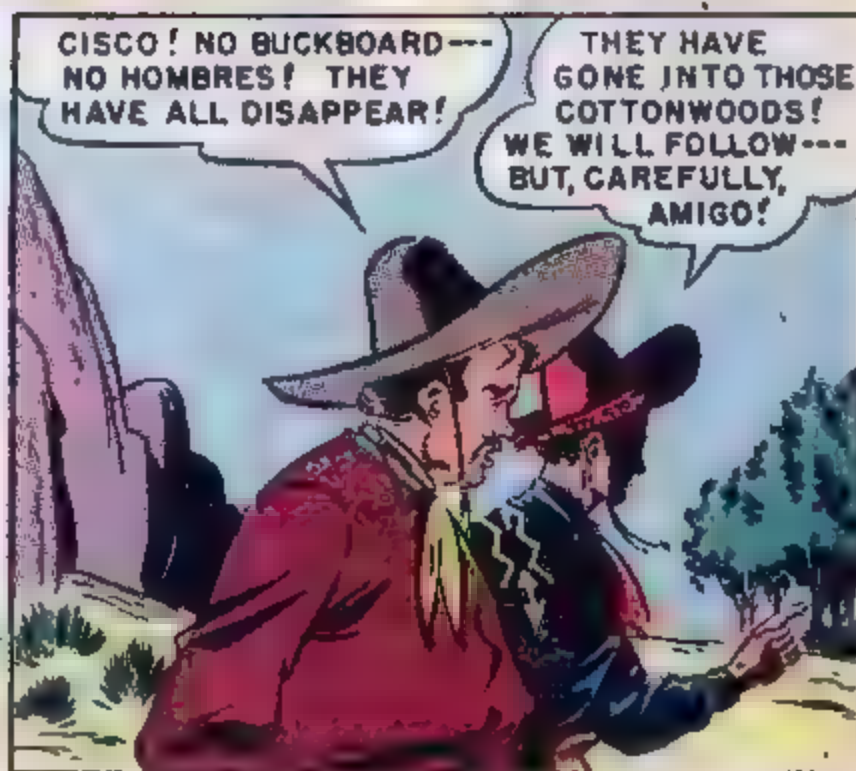
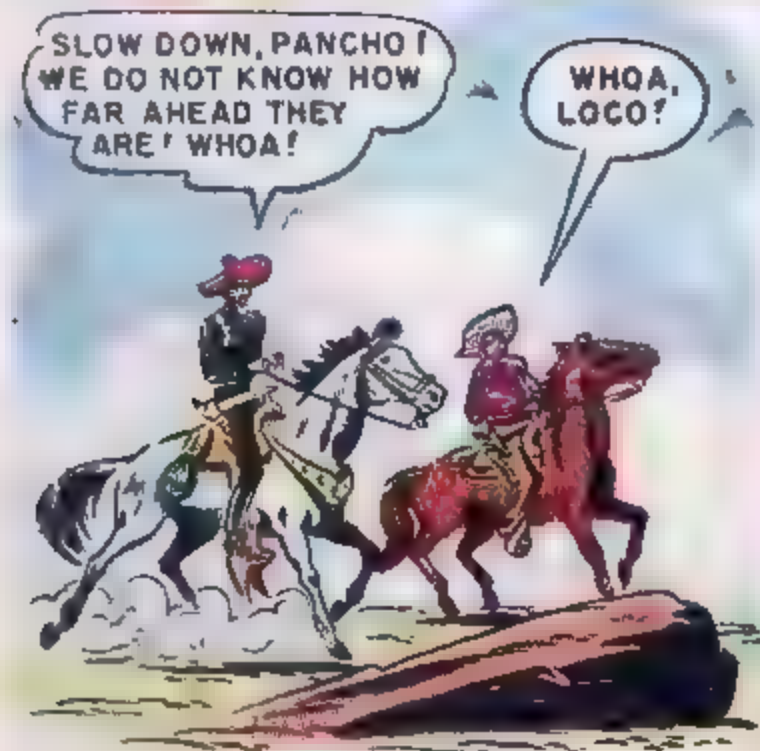
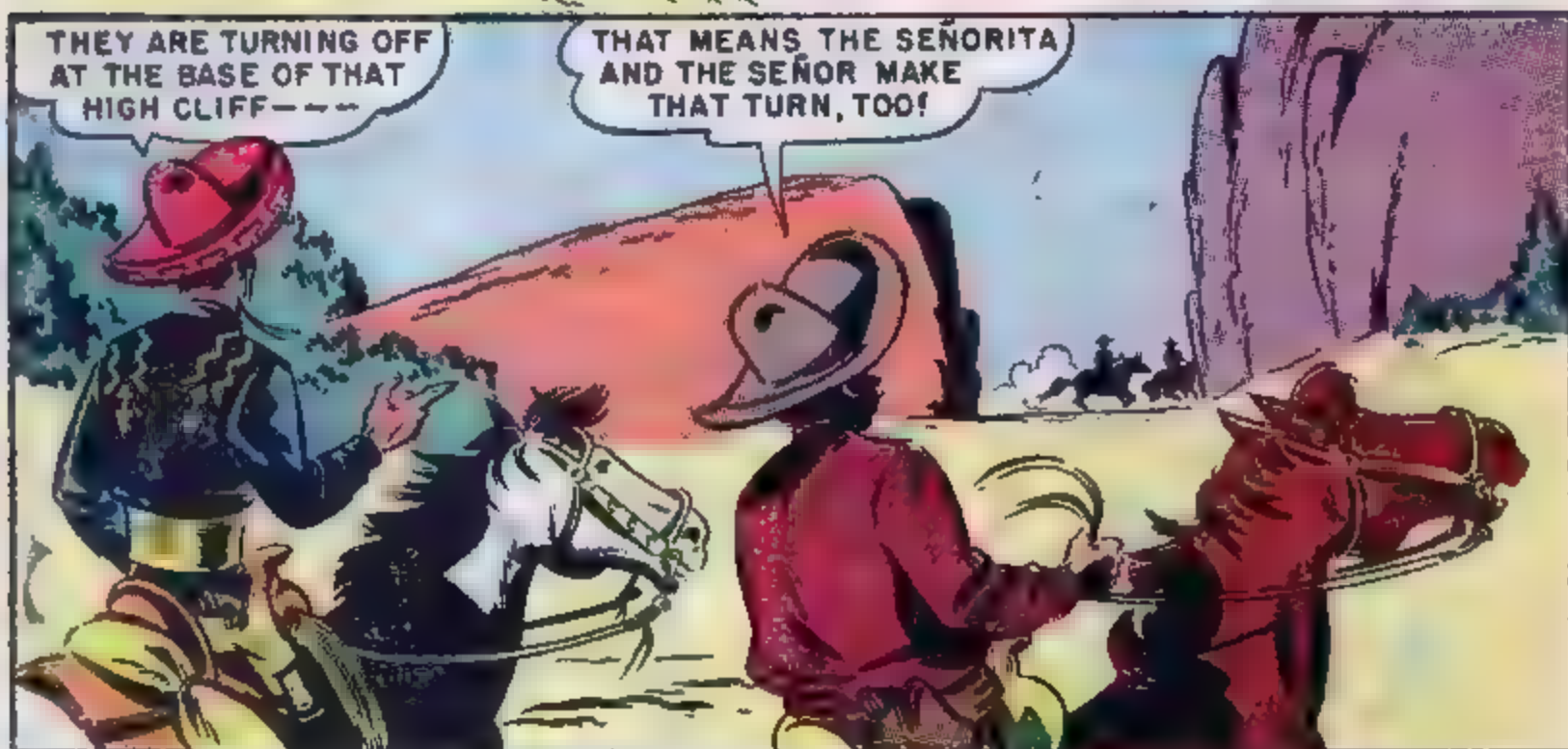
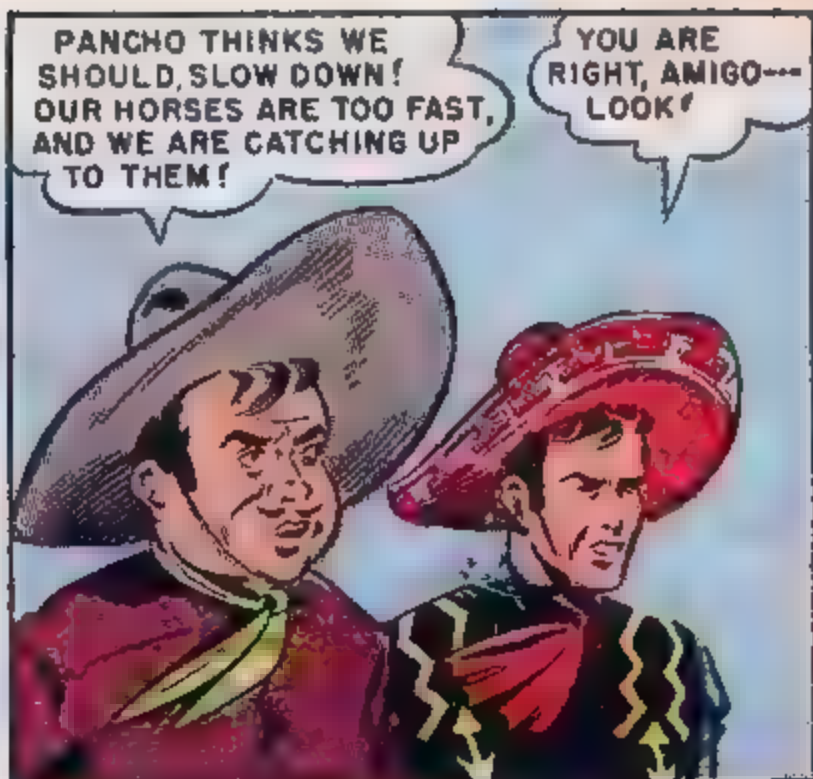
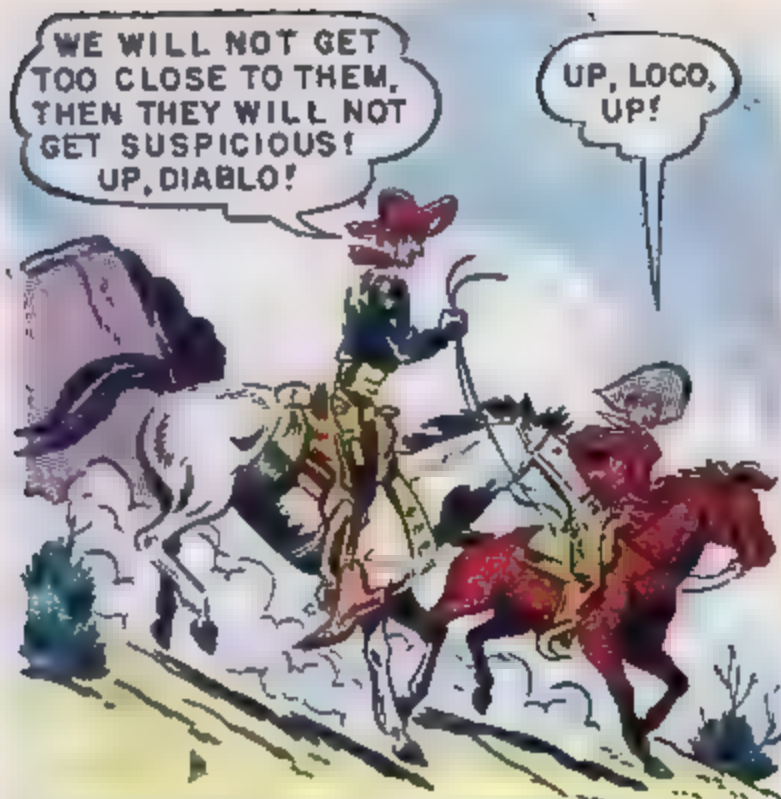


PANCHE! SOMETIMES YOU MAKE ME--- LOOK, AMIGO! THOSE SEÑORS ARE FOLLOWING THE BUCKBOARD!

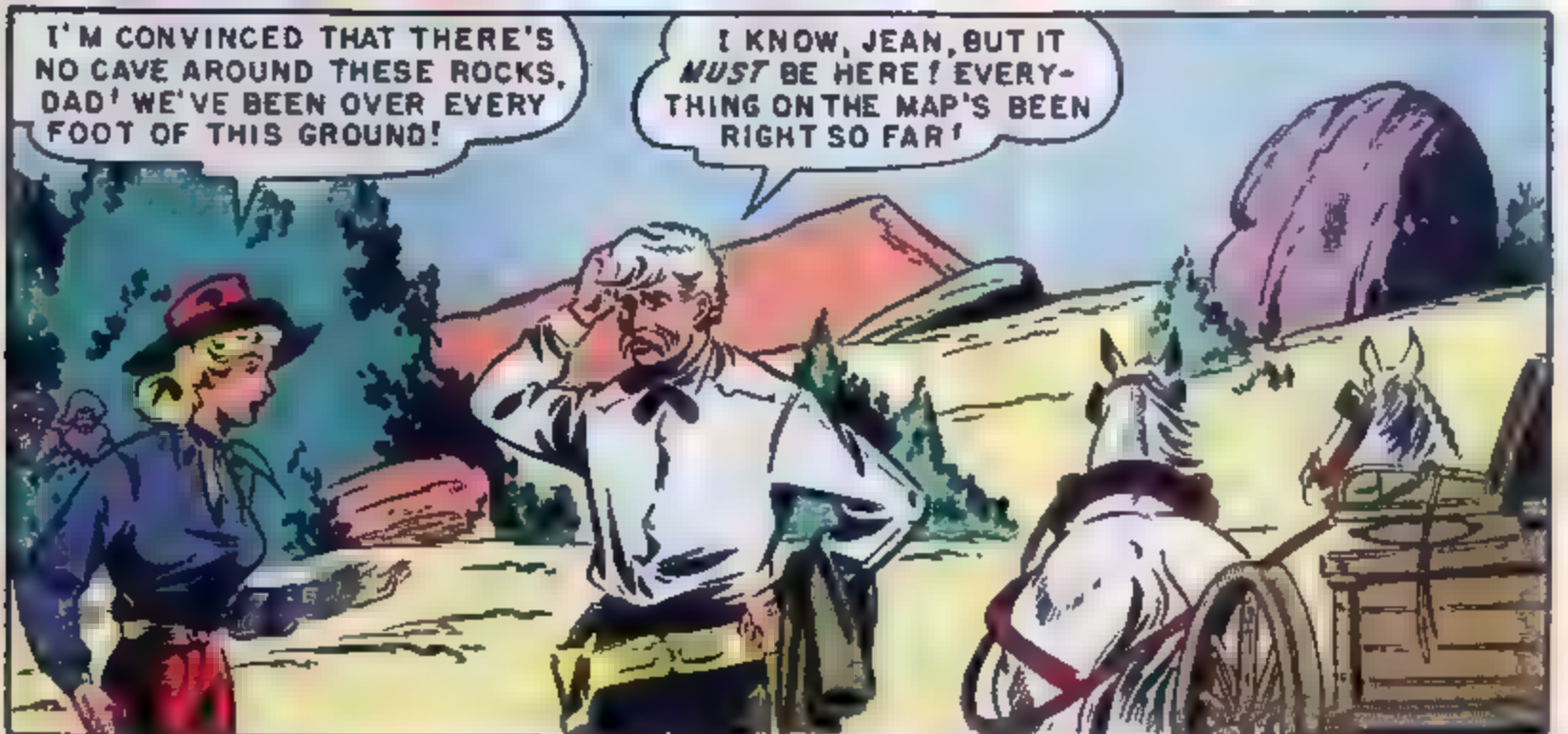
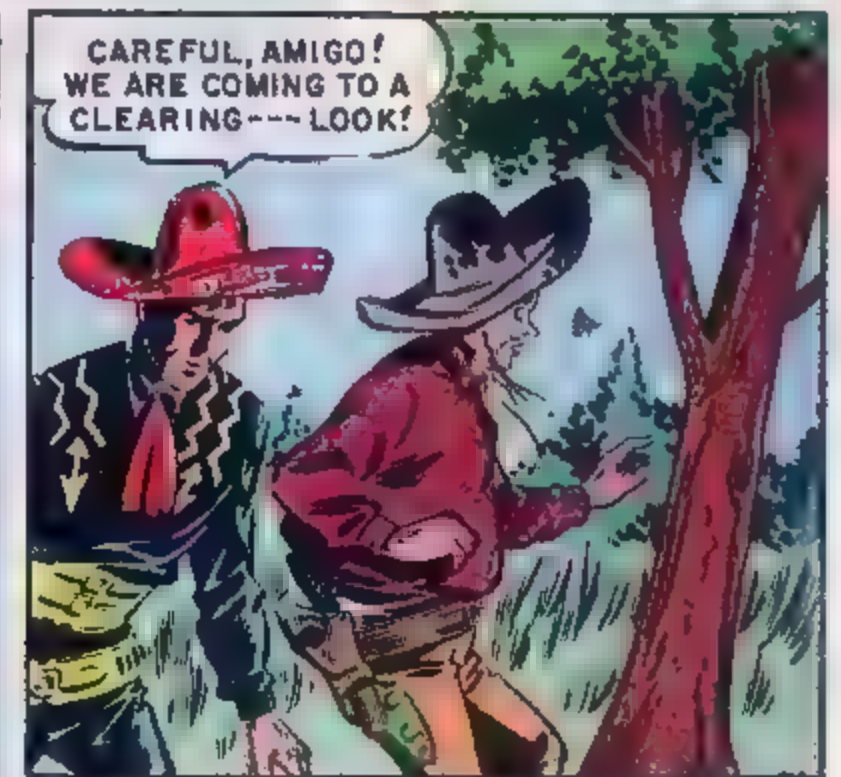
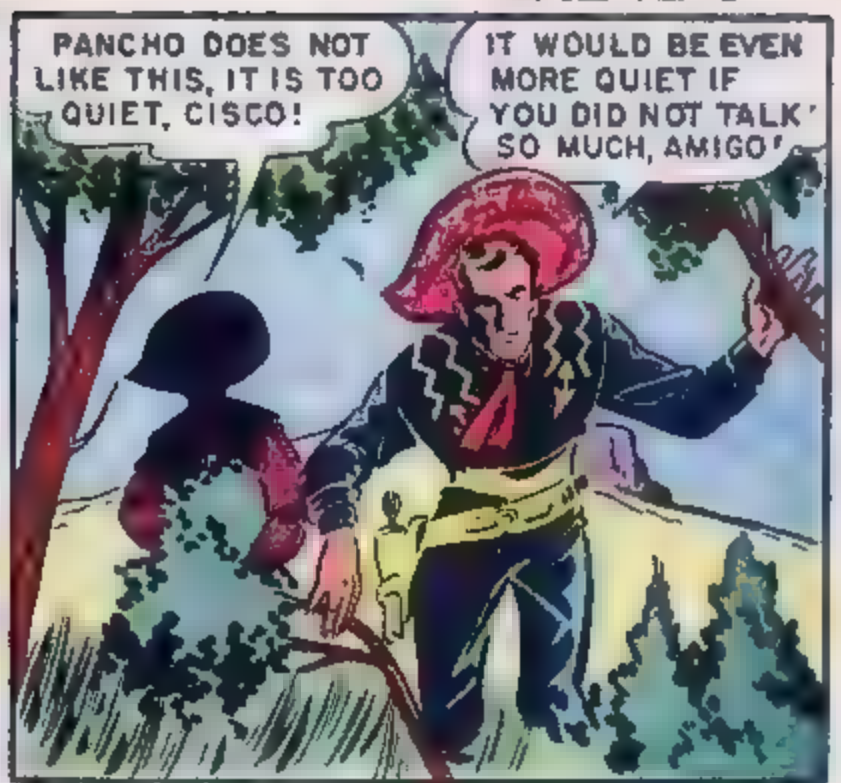
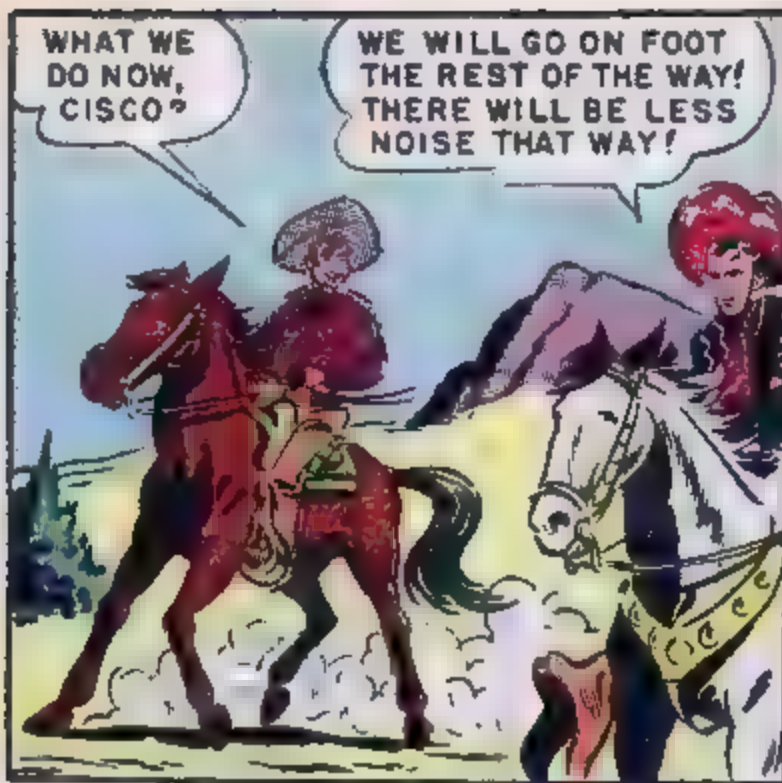
SI! PANCHE PUTS TWO AND TWO TOGETHER--- PANCHE AND CISCO FOLLOW THEM! THAT MAKES FOUR AGAINST FOUR!







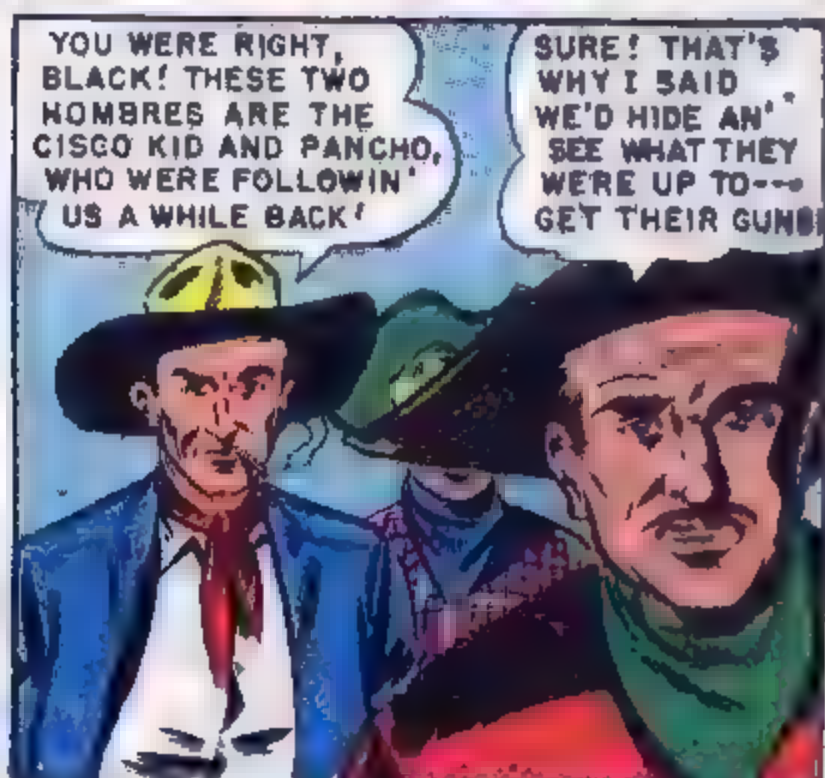
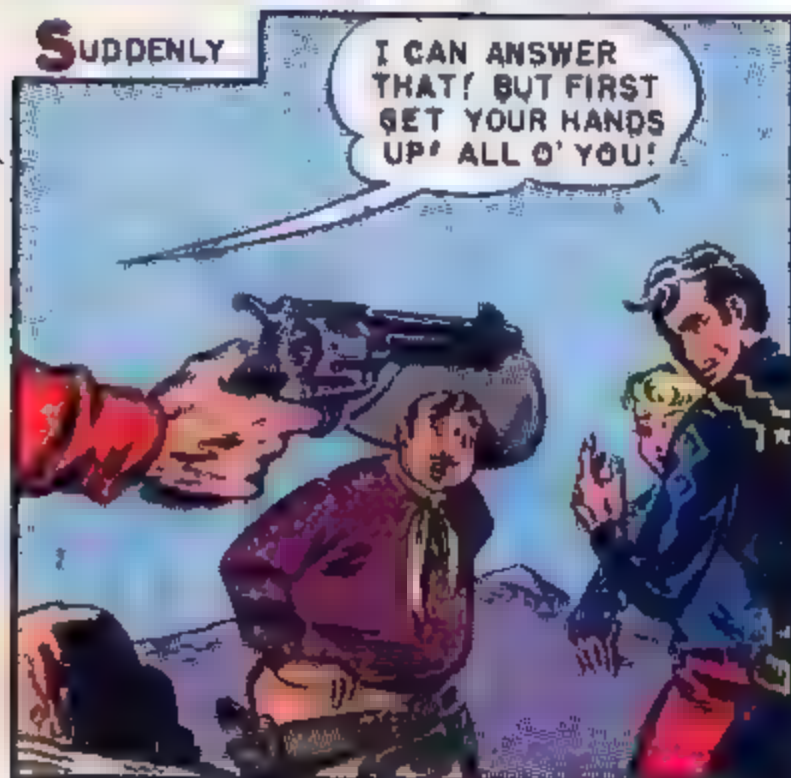




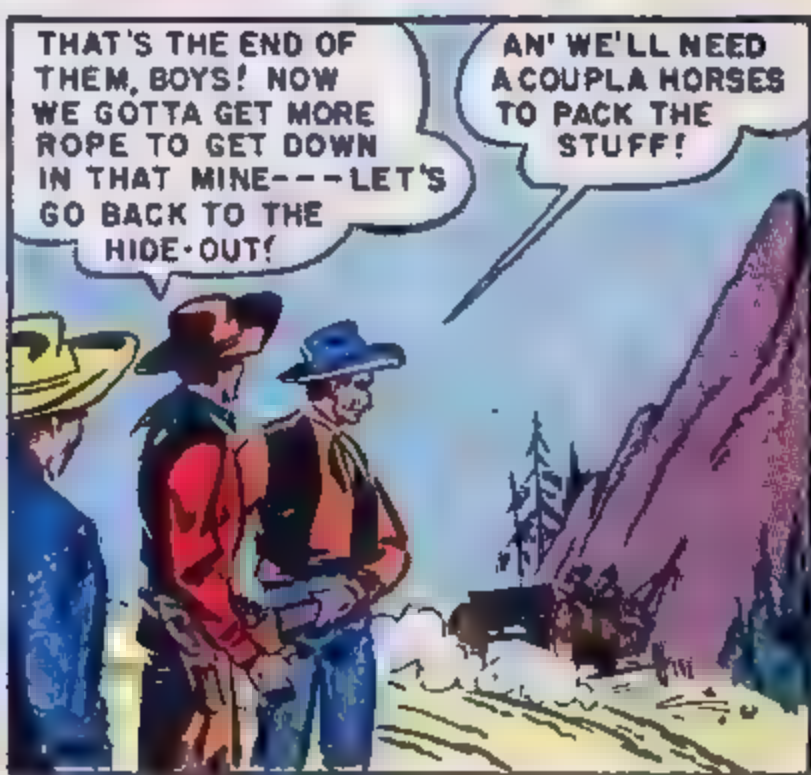
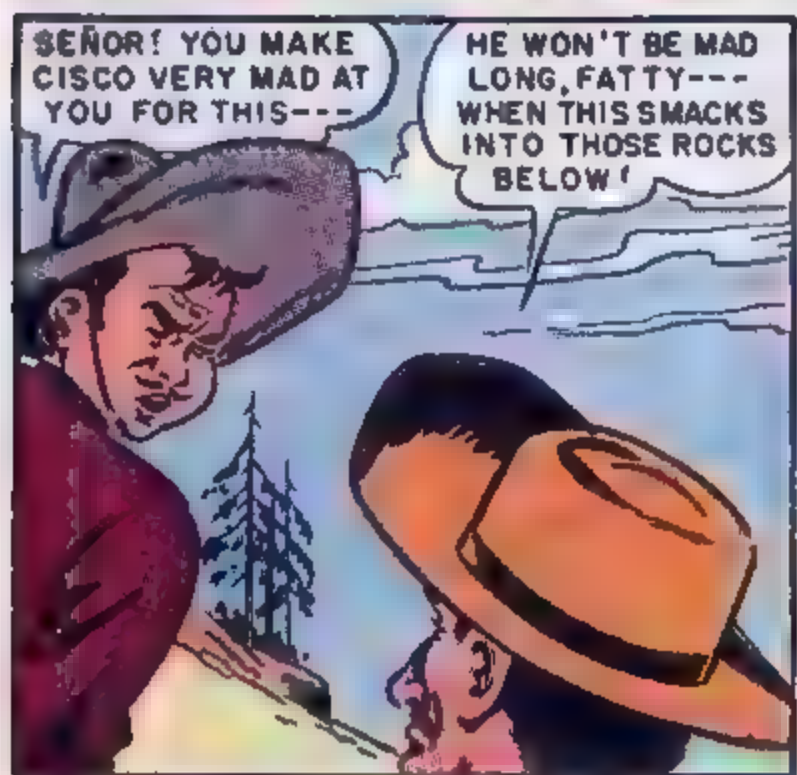
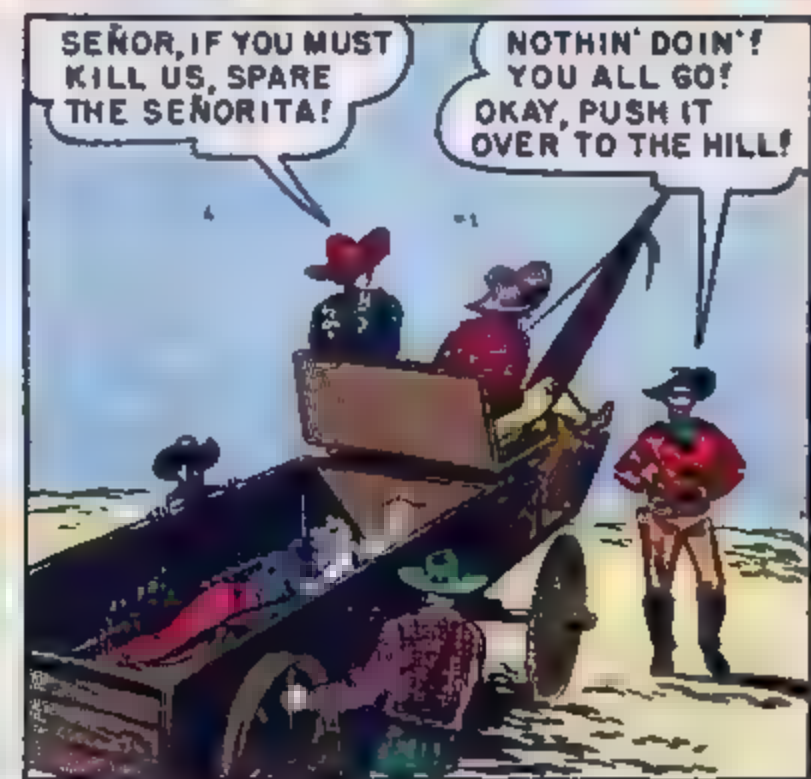
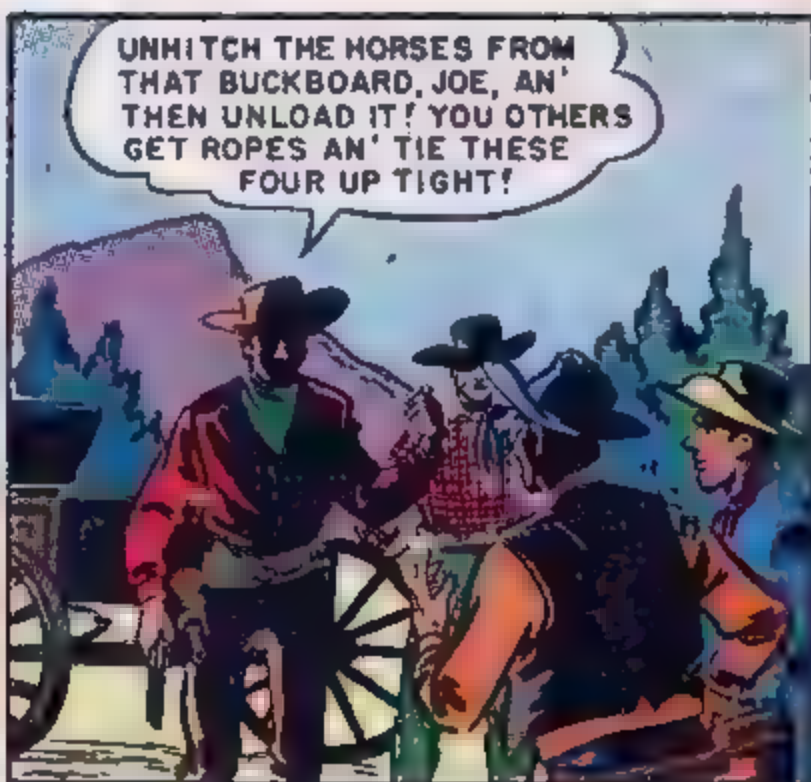
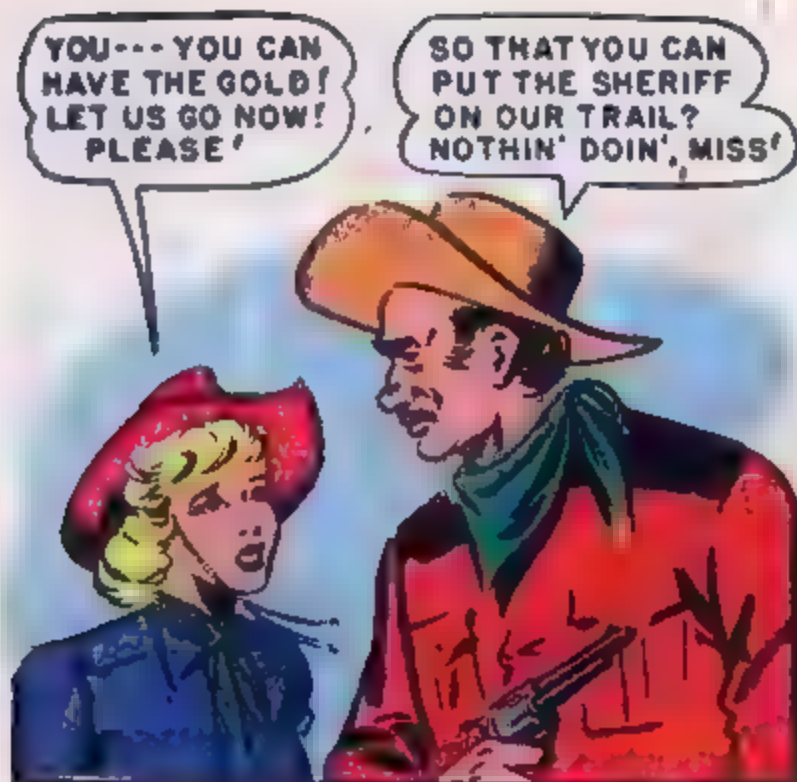














AND AS THE BUCKBOARD  
PLUMMETS DOWN THE  
MOUNTAIN SIDE ...







IS EVERYONE  
ALL RIGHT?

Y-YES,  
CISCO!

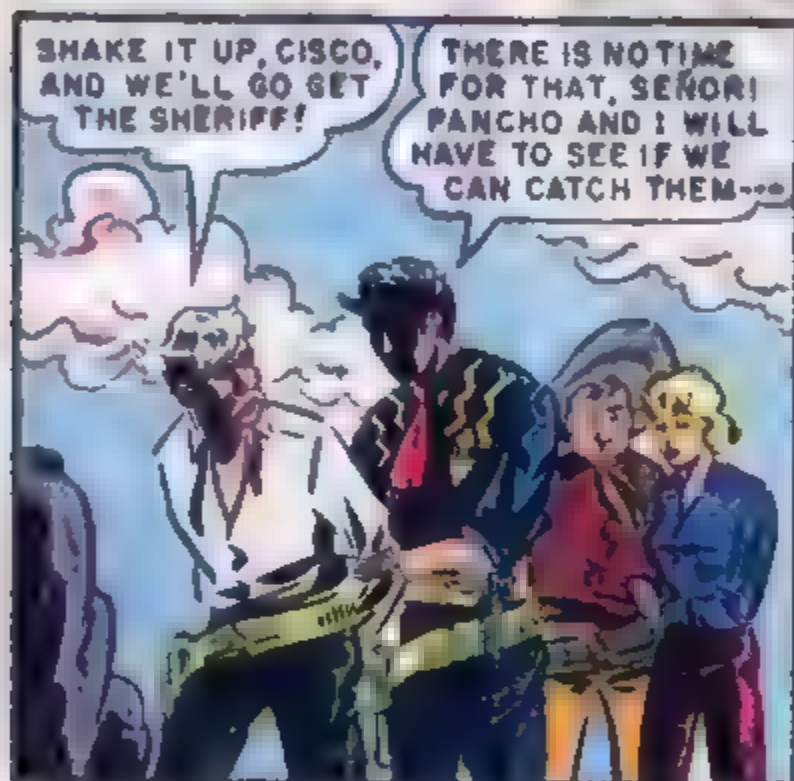
I'M  
OKAY---

CISCO--



--- DID YOU HAVE TO  
CRASH SO HARD?

IT COULD HAVE  
BEEN WORSE, AMIGO!  
WHEN YOU ARE FREE,  
UNTIE THE  
SEÑORITA!



SHAKE IT UP, CISCO,  
AND WE'LL GO GET  
THE SHERIFF!

THERE IS NO TIME  
FOR THAT, SEÑOR!  
PANCHE AND I WILL  
HAVE TO SEE IF WE  
CAN CATCH THEM---



OH, NO YOU DON'T,  
CISCO! I'M IN  
ON THIS!

AND SO AM I!--- AND  
MY MIND'S MADE UP  
TO THAT!



VERY WELL, SEÑORITA!  
BUT WE MUST BE  
CAREFUL--- AND  
QUIET!

AMIGO, TELL  
PANCHE! HOW  
WE CATCH  
THOSE HOMBRES  
WITHOUT GUNS!



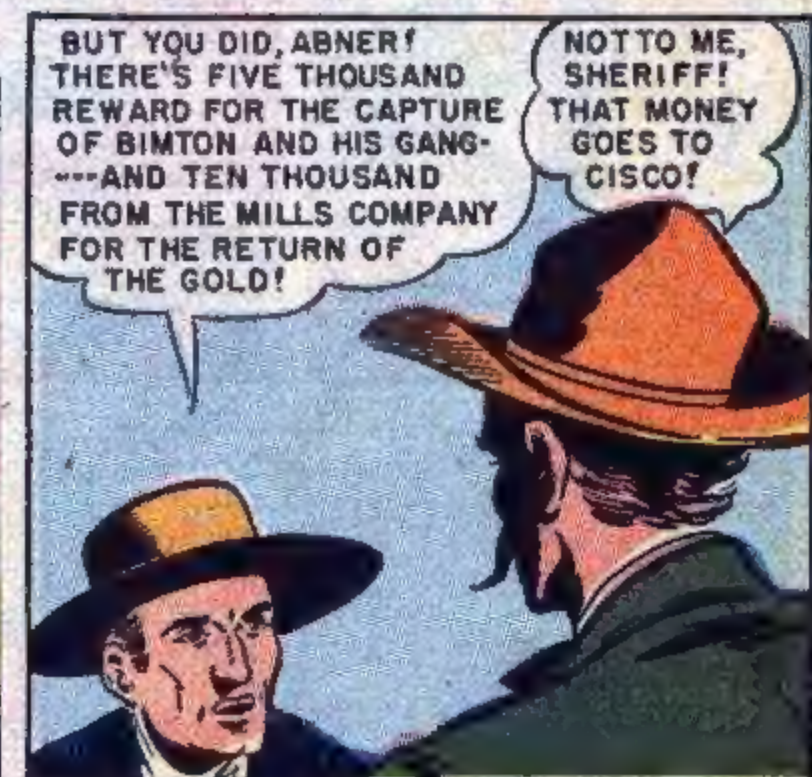
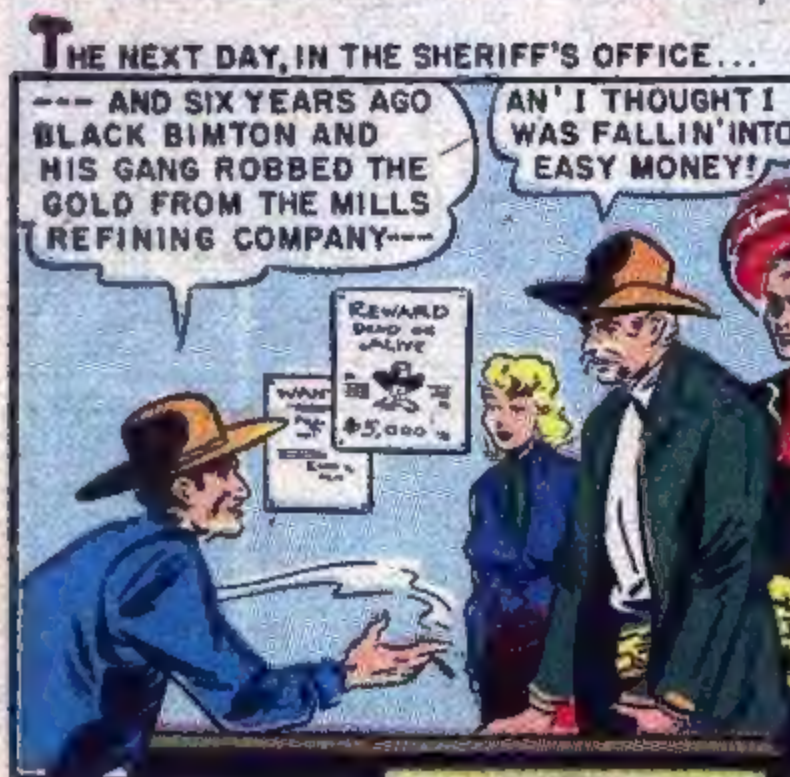
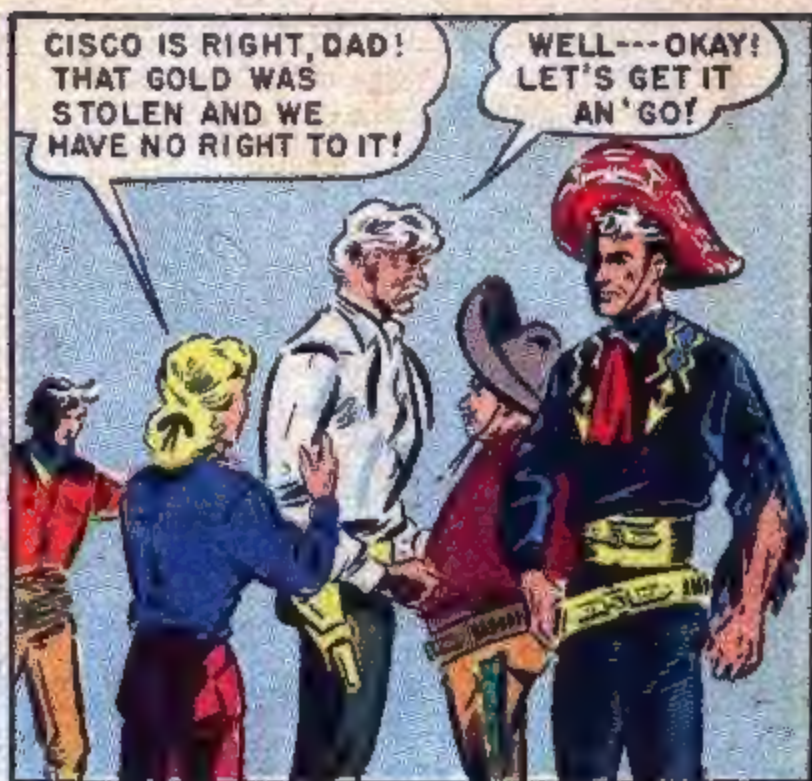
I DO NOT KNOW,  
BUT WE WILL DO  
SOMETHING!

PANCHE HOPES  
THE "SOMETHING"  
WORKS!











# HUNTING BIGHORN SHEEP

BIGHORN  
SHEEP



THE AVERAGE BIGHORN SHEEP WEIGHS 150 TO 200 POUNDS. LIKE ALL ANIMALS WHO LIVE IN TREELESS COUNTRY, THE BIGHORN DEPENDS ON PHENOMENAL EYE-SIGHT TO PROTECT HIM. HIS HOOF'S ARE HOLLOWED OUT ON THE BOTTOM AND THE FRONT EDGE IS VERY HARD AND SHARP. HE LIVES IN SUCH DIFFICULT TERRITORY THAT HE HAS NO ENEMY OTHER THAN MAN, AND NO NEIGHBOR EXCEPT THE MOUNTAIN GOAT. WHEN A HUNTER SEES ONE OF THESE ANIMALS LEAP DOWN A VERTICAL ROCK WALL AND LAND ON A NARROW PINNACLE OF ROCK, HE OFTEN FEELS THAT HE HAS SEEN AN OPTICAL ILLUSION. THE BIGHORN'S ABILITY TO CLIMB, JUMP AND DODGE ON BARE ROCKS MAKE HIM THE HARDEST ANIMAL TO KILL IN NORTH AMERICA. WHEN YOU HAVE A BIGHORN TROPHY, YOU ARE REALLY A HUNTER.

THE HUNTER WHO PURSUES THE BIGHORN SHEEP AND THE MOUNTAIN GOAT IS HUNTING THE MOST DANGEROUS KIND OF GAME. THE STEEP MOUNTAIN RANGES PROTECT THE SHEEP AND MANY HUNTERS TAKE HARD FALLS, RISKING THEIR LIVES WITH EVERY STEP. A HUNTER MUST VERY CAREFULLY CONSIDER WHERE THE SHEEP FALLS AFTER THE BULLET HITS! HE MIGHT FALL A THOUSAND YARDS INTO AN INACCESSIBLE PLACE. WITH THE BIGHORN, ONLY THE BEST RIFLE, TELESCOPE AND HUNTER ARE GOOD ENOUGH.





This black bear is looking trouble right in the face. The cottonmouth moccasin is one of the most poisonous snakes

*Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.*

in the south. The black bear is the most familiar of American bears being far more numerous than the brown bear.

